THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Oh! Ride as Though You Were Flying!

Word was brought to the Irish king
That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring
(Oh! ride as though you were flying).

Better he loved each golden curl
On the brow of that fair Hibernian girl,
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl,—
And his Rose of the Isles is dying.

Thirty nobles saddled with speed,
Each one mounting a gallant steed,
Which he kept for battle and days of need,
(Oh! ride as if you were flying).

Spurs were stuck in the foaming flank,
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank,
Bridles were slackened and girths were burst,
But ride as they would the King rode first,
For his Rose of the Isles lay dying.

His nobles are beaten one by one;
They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward gone;
His fair little page now follows alone,
For strength and for courage trying!

The King looked back at that faithful child,
Wan was the face, that answering smiled;
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped, and only the King rode in,
Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying.

The King blew a blast on his bugle horn,
No answer came, but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.

The castle's portal stood grimly wide,
None welcomed the King from that weary ride;
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
Who had yearned for his voice while dying.

HEARTS ERRANT.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN CLARIS CAME BACK.

It was on a November day that Claris came back—not the normal conception of that blustering month, not the pictorial-almanac version, looming through gray mist into shivering fore-ground—but a soft, subdued, autumnal day; such a day as comes now and then in the declining year; comes like repose and reaction after the dissipation of summer; after its green revel, its gay, glorious pageant of flowers and sunlight, lulling the weary senses like a gently-breathing slumber after the August fever-fit, a day which is a half-dreamy retrospect of the pleasant past, half-shrinking from the stormy time to come—so mild and sweet in its fading sadness that young green things push upwards "through the earth seams" to greet it, and the violet breathes to it the anthem of perfume which it has been conning for its own beloved spring. Claris stood at one of the three large windows of her room, and looked down upon the November landscape; upon the network of twigs and branches in the near avenue; upon the tender blue distance-mist soothing the gray hills, and filling up the barren outline of leafless wood.

But Claris, standing there in her almost regal splendor of purple and ermine—that splendor which became Claris so well—saw none of these things. They were not in her line. Her eyes were fixed on two figures strolling lingeringly up the long avenue, pausing now and then in such earnest conversation that Claris, having nothing else to do, watched them with a sort of listless interest. Presently the two neared the house, and turning to the right, mounted the terrace, and so were lost to Claris's view until she crossed the room, and looking from one of the southern windows, saw them emerging from the solemn shade of the cedars, and pacing the terrace with the same leisurely tread. Claris's interest was quickened now, for she had seen that one of the two was Olive, and that the other was a stranger—a man young, distinguished in figure, as Claris's practiced eye told her, whose attitude towards Olive was one of familiar acquaintance. Who could it be? Who caused Olive to be thus forgetful of the greeting she owed her returned sister? Who, unknown to her, had gained such a footing in her home?

Now, it had not been in accordance with Lady Arthur's latest policy to speak of her son to Claris, or of Claris to her son. She had known many a likely penchant nipped in the bud by the injudicious laudation which blundering, match-making friends are so apt to practise, and she preferred to risk nothing. Miss Ursula wrote seldom to her niece, and her casual mention of Lady Arthur's son had by no means prepared Claris for finding him thus domesticated at Armytage Hall; whilst Olive, obeying a certain instinct—the same instinct which had made her from a little child guard her little treasures, her most precious thoughts and things, carefully from Claris—had written nothing of their growing intimacy with Captain Thynne, so that the fact came upon her as a surprise and not an agreeable one either. We none of us like to stumble upon information which we think ought to have been given to us in the natural order of things.

"Perks, who is that gentleman?"

Claris drew aside the curtain at the back of the couch on which she was resting, so that Perks, who had just entered the room, might look out upon the terrace.

"Captain Thynne, miss," she replied, "Lady Arthur's son. Her ladyship and him has been staying here a long time, miss. They went away last week, as, of course, you know, though, miss."

"Of course," assented Claris. Lady Arthur's visit, at least, had been commented upon to her, and she did not choose to confess to further ignorance to her maid.

"Does Captain Thynne dine here to-night?" she asked.

"No, miss, not as I have heard. Mr. Jervis was saying just now, that Lady Arthur and the captain was to dine here to-morrow. Mary has given me your keys, miss; you would like me to arrange your things as usual, I suppose?"

"Certainly, Perks; I told Mary that she was only travelling-maid, and that her duties would cease as soon as we arrived here. She is only needlewoman again now."

Miss Perks proceeded to open trunks, to shake out dresses, and to lay all in readiness for her mistress's toilette. Claris turned to the window again. A scene was being reproduced upon the terrace which, with a little change of drapery—and very little—had probably often been enacted there a hundred years before. Upon the marble balustrade a peacock strutted with gorgeous tail outspread, turning and curtseying in his vain fashion, whilst Olive, heedless of the gathering evening damps, fed the tame creature from her hand, and Gerald, leaning against a marble basket of late-blooming flowers, looked on.

Presently, Olive, turning towards the house, glanced up at her sister's window, and saw the face which was looking out at her. Hardly staying for a hasty adieu to her companion, in an instant she had crossed the terrace and entered the house, and her light footstep bounded up the staircase.

"Oh, Claris!" she cried, "I am so sorry. I did not think it was so late, or that you had arrived. I had to go to Chadleigh, as Aunt Ursula told you, to see a poor woman who is ill there, and sent for me, and coming back I met Captain Thynne at the gates, and he walked up to the house with me."

Claris smiled graciously, and returned her sister's caresses with most forgiving tenderness.

"Oh, Olive!" she exclaimed, suddenly, "how pretty you have grown!"

It dropped from her in her surprise, for, in the blaze of light which Perks, in the exercise of her functions, at that moment produced, Olive stood revealed as she had not done in the dusky twilight.

"What have you done to yourself, you dear little beauty? I must make Perks let me into the secret of your cosmetics. Such a lovely color, and such—. Well, I must find out how it is done. Come and sit down, and let me look at you."

Claris had a very pretty gift of flattery; she had cultivated it in the interests of that popularity which she had set herself early in life to attain. And wise in her generation was Claris. Judiciously managed, there is no such passport as this of flattery to the favor of mankind—that noun of multitude being taken here in a masculine sense especially. It is a popular fallacy—one of those fallacies which, having existed so long without contradiction, are therefore enrolled as axioms which cannot be contradicted—that the fairer sex enjoy a monopoly of vanity. In reality the vanity of women bears no comparison with the vanity of men—of men of all ages—the middle-aged and old even more than the young. We are vain, we women, of very trifles; of a dress, a ribbon, an eyebrow, a curl; of the little outside things which are not ourselves. We are vain thus on the surface; we present our vanity conspicuously to the world, and the world, far-seeing, deep-judging, awards us the first place in the ranks of Lucifer. Our vanity overlays our better things, maybe, as a parasitical moss covers a solid boulder of granite; but the tiny roots do not strike deep. There is the noble, true rock-heart of mother and wife intact beneath.

But the vanity of woman's master is another thing to hers—a thing greater than hers in the same ratio as he, her lord, is greater than her; a thing not lightly displayed in petty gratification; not "going before to judgment" in small exhibition. He is too great to be vain in little things, but he is small enough to be vain in great things. His last speech in the House, his last article in the *Quarterly*, his Sunday's sermon, his letter to the *Times*, on that pet discovery of his; his character, his opinions, *himself*—approach him on any of these—very carefully, very judiciously (injudicious flattery is not flattery at all; it is only a coarse mistake)—drop the salt very delicately on his tail, and he is gained—he is yours! Every woman knows this; every unscrupulous woman uses the knowledge for her own ends, and plays on the puppet-string—ay, and some *honest* women, too. Perhaps only the very honestest of the honest disdain to do it. Life is a race, and we must not be left behind; no, not though we drop some precious things as we press onwards. Life is a lottery, and the prizes are for those who seize them first, and we are tempted to put in our hands like the rest; for, though our turn would come in the long run, it is so long that our faith fails us in the waiting. May God forgive us! We scarcely can forgive ourselves!

Olive was wont to be impatient of Claris's flattery, but then, in spite of the deprecating embarrassment with which she clung to her, and sought to hush her honeyed words, they dropped a curious sweetness into her soul. If it could be true! If she could be beautiful for *him!* If the crown of her love could be enriched with *this* precious jewel! She did not underrate the value of the gems that already composed it; the maiden tenderness and truth, pure as crystal, strong as adamant, the high honor, clear and bright as the diamond, the pearl of modesty, the chrysolite of a single, deep devotion; she knew that all these were worth a king's ransom; and if she would have added to them the brilliant jewel of beauty, it was because, in her lavish generosity, she would have gathered all the costliest treasures of the world, and thought them too little to lay at his feet!

So gracious was Claris that evening, so sweet and winning in her show of affection, so hearty and cordial in her manifestation of joy at being once more at home with them, that Miss Ursula's tender heart smote her for having so easily sustained her absence, and Olive was angry with herself for the habit of disbelief which, *malgré elle* would throw an uncomfortable cold shadow of doubt over her sister's pretty, warm words.

Claris was very talkative and communicative, told how Lady Orme had given a *dîjeûner* in her honor, and the Honorable Mrs. Fortescue had got up *tableaux vivants*, in which she—Claris—must needs play the best parts—Rowena in *Ivanhoe*, Una in the *The Fairy Queen*, Galatea and Guinevere—how half the "county" had given dinner-parties, arranged archery-meetings, and pic-nics, and concerts all for her. And then, to show that her head was not at all turned by all this flattery and homage, Claris kissed Miss Ursula a dozen times, whispering, "I am so glad to be here again!" After which she drew a cushion to her aunt's feet, and sitting herself there, with her fair head nestling against her, waited for a return of confidences. Miss Ursula told how quiet their time had been, broken by no incident, save the fire and the visit of Lady Arthur and her son.

"You will see them to-morrow," she concluded. "Lady Arthur is all impatience to renew your acquaintance."

No word of the captain—only the most casual mention, as Claris noted with quick suspicion. Nor did the downcast blush with which Olive greeted even that slight notice escape the keen eyes of Claris, nor the tremble of the little hands which pretended at that moment to be busied in arranging the scraps of work and the various implements of feminine handicraft in the dainty little work-basket before them. Then Claris began to yawn, and to discover that her journey had tired her, and then she bade them good-night, with sweet words and loving kisses.

"How cosy you look!" she said, pausing at the door, "and how pleasant it is to go to sleep and know that I shall see your dear home faces again in the morning!"

The fire burnt brightly in her dressing-room, so brightly that she needed no other light, and therefore—perhaps—she did not summon Perks. The couch was drawn up to the fire, and held out tempting inducements of comfort, which Claris, in spite of her weariness, disregarded. She walked up to the mirror, and stood there for full five minutes surveying her own face and figure. She had reason to be satisfied with the result, for seldom had Claris seen herself in fuller or more perfect beauty. She thought so doubtless, for a smile of triumph crossed her face as she turned away. Presently a step passed her open door. It was Cissy, coming upstairs with the sad little dignity she had worn since she knew that she carried about with her a breaking heart.

"Come here, dear, and talk to me; you see I am all alone," Claris cooed forth in her most winning tone.

And Cissy, who had herself been feeling very lonely, came forward blushing at such flattering notice, and, seated on the same couch with Claris, thought what a beautiful fair creature she was, and how good and sweet and kind too! Oh! Cissy knew that she should love her very much. In her flowing white dressing-gown, with her long fair hair, unbound over her shoulders, she was like one of Raphael's angels in the picture of which her father had a copy, and counted it among his choicest treasures; and to Cissy to look like an angel was to be like one. How could evil dwell with such seraphic beauty? And that beauty condescended to her, and, of course, won her heart at once. That afternoon, when Claris had alighted from the railway carriage at the Estwick station, where Miss Ursula and Cissy were in waiting, Cissy had thought her very grandly beautiful; but she had seemed there like some "bright, particular star," far, far above little Cissy. Now, as Claris settled her guest comfortably on the couch, placing a cushion at her back, and drawing a footstool under her feet, bringing the fire into a more brilliant glow, and coming back to caress the young, soft hand which lay within her reach, Cissy lost her awe of the beautiful divinity in a rapturous appreciation of her sweet kindness.

"Now tell me, love," said Claris, with a coaxing smile, "what have you been doing all this while?"

A little cloud dimmed Cissy's bright face. What had she been doing all that sweet, ah, too sweet, time?

"We have had lovely walks," she answered with a sigh, "and I have learned to ride: Olive lent me her pony, and we have ridden to Hartshill Priory—fourteen miles Captain Thynne says it is; and then we had a beautiful pic-nic at Abbeyford Hill, and we have marked out the archery-ground, and the croquet-lawn is nearly finished, and Olive's aviary, and the fernery—and we have collected fifty specimens already."

"Indeed you have been busy," answered Claris, "but how did you make up a pic nic party. We know nobody yet, but Lady Arthur, and the clergyman."

"Oh, it was not a party; only Miss Ursula, and Lady Arthur, and Olive, and Captain Thynne."

"Captain Thynne is very agreeable?"

"Yes," assented Cissy faintly.

"You don't think so?"

"Yes."

"And very handsome, is he not?"

"Yes." And Cissy, brought back to the full remembrance of her blighted hopes and broken heart, sat looking sadly into the fire.

Miss Perks's knock sounded at the door.

"I shall not want you to-night, Perks."

"Thank you, miss, you will find everything ready." And Perks disappeared.

"We are so comfortable, are we not?" said Claris; "we don't want to be disturbed."

Most powerful and insidious was the flattery of that plural pronoun "we" from the great beauty of twenty to the little girl of fifteen. This, and a little more, not much, for Claris's most clever strategy would only have been wasted in this easy conquest—a few slightly put questions, a bewitching expansion of tender interest, a soft, enveloping glamour of seductive power, and all Cissy's poor little defences melted away, out trembled her secret, and not here alone—Olive's, too, all sobbed out in those white treacherous arms. Poor, simple, truthful child, how could she help it? And the beautiful siren having lured her thus onward to a peril she little dreamed of, soothed her with soft caresses, and sent her away calmed and quieted, hugging a pensive sorrow that was not at all unhappy.

"How sweet and good she is!" murmured Cissy, as she composed herself to sleep. "I am so glad I told her all; she comforted me so; and Olive—dear, dear Olive—I love her too much to trouble her with my grief."

And Claris! As she laid her shapely length to rest, and dropped her fair head upon the pillow, the smile of triumph came back to her lips, and a curious gleam into her eyes, so that she looked like that beautiful but deadly creature that, sheltered in the Indian thicket, smoothes its sleek limbs for the sudden, fatal spring—the doom of some peaceful, unsuspecting traveller.

CHAPTER VII.

CLOUDS.

The grand old staircase at Armytage Hall must have seen many sights in its day. Tradition says that it was a lady who carried the keys of the mansion down it when she could no longer hold out against the Protector, and that as she gave them up her feet were set upon the lowest stair, beneath which, in a secret recess, lay concealed one whose blood would have stained a hundred swords' points had the rude soldiery who thronged the hall but guessed his hiding-place. And later, when the king had got his own again, it was on that very stair that the courteous Stuart kissed the fair but withered cheek of the noble dame, and drawing his sword from its scabbard, laid upon her grandson's shoulder the touch of loyal knighthood.

Another tradition tells how a recreant daughter of the race stole down those oaken steps to keep a midnight tryst with her lover, the enemy of her house, and how her brother, rousing suddenly from his sleep, saw from his window the lovers parting in the moonlight, and hurrying down to avenge the insulted honor of his name, met his sister on the stairs, and in his heedless fury slew her there, where ever since, it is said, her pale ghost has flitted restlessly to and fro at the hour when ghosts love best to walk the earth.

If the marble Hermes that held its silver lamp aloft to light the descending feet of Claris, as she swept down those blood-stained steps to meet Lady Arthur, could have looked into hearts, or had been capable of drawing deductions from what it saw, it might have thought that those cruel days were not over yet, or that the unappeased ghost was ever working the curse of the house to make up the tale of wrong and cruelty, of bruised and broken hearts, which its own ill-fated love demanded as satisfaction.

Yet who else would have dreamt of such things? Certainly not Captain Thynne, who, whilst in the act of following his lady-mother through the ceremonious announcements of the two tall footmen on duty at the drawing-room door, paused at the rustle of silken skirts behind him, and turning just in time to restore the laced handkerchief which, dropped from Claris's careless hand, fluttered to his feet, met (upon the very stair where erst her ancestress had received the royal kiss) a vision of loveliness which perfectly dazzled him—Claris, in the full lustre of her carefully-enhanced beauty, in sweeping azure robes, with silver wheatears trembling in her hair, with all the charms and fascinations which Claris kept in store, ready for dangerous service, polished and bright.

No wonder that Captain Thynne, courteous, well-bred gentleman as he was, was taken by surprise at the suddenness of this radiant apparition—that he stammered and actually blushed as he stood aside to let it precede him.

And then as the two disappeared there came stepping quickly down the stairs a little figure clad in pure white, with a coronet of glossy black braids upon its head, and wonderful eyes looking far away at some hidden joy—a little elfin creature, as different from the bright queen of beauty who had just flashed by, as is the tender light of summer's dawn from the sparkling radiance of full-risen morning.

So thought Miss Ursula as she looked from one niece to the other that evening. She had never thought so much of Claris's beauty before—in fact, she had never before seen it in such full exercise. She felt its power, the seductive power of beauty; she could not help rejoicing in it too. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

"Claris is made for gala days," she said to herself; "for the world's *fêts*, for sunshine and splendor. Olive is for heart-comfort. For such beauty as Claris's men have died madly, recklessly; for such women as Olive men have lived bravely, nobly."

And Miss Ursula's eyes, gladdened by the beauty of Claris, came back to rest fondly upon the little figure at the tea-table. One of the pleasant home fashions which, in spite of Claris, Miss Ursula had preserved was that of having tea and coffee made in her drawing-room, instead of causing it to be dispensed by servants in niggardly cupfuls. And this evening Olive presided at the tea-table, as was her wont—a little table set apart, with its shaded lamp, its brilliant service of silver, and its delicate pink and white china. Olive herself looked very much in keeping with her immediate surroundings; she and they made up a pretty picture of home refinement and comfort. Gerald had told her so more than once. He had been used to hover about her at this time, to draw up his chair when the duties which devolved upon him as the only gentleman of the party were over, and sip his third cup of tea, and talk out to Olive the best of his thoughts, subdued to the gentle influence of the time and place. And this half-hour had been a very precious one to Olive—more precious than she knew until to-night, when she sat alone, save for Cissy nestled at her side, and listened to the flow of brilliant nothings with which Claris chained Captain Thynne to her sofa. How superbly handsome she was to-night! how gracious and charming! Olive thought as she looked over at her seated by Lady Arthur on a couch drawn up to the fire, in the full blaze of the lighted chandelier. Claris never sought the shade: her beauty could bear the fullest revelation of light. And she talked so well, she was so thoroughly up in all the small talk of the day, so clever in repartee; she could be soft and winning, so *piquante* and attractive. Withheld by no conscientious scruple, she could profess, with any degree of earnestness, the principles most suited to the person she was addressing. With all the other outside charms and graces she had cultivated, Claris had not neglected this one of conversation. And she was putting forth her full powers to-night, as Olive could hear. And looking upon it all as a pretty sham, Olive could not help a certain contempt which made even the beauty of her sister seem to her as unreal as the rest. She wondered impatiently that the deception which was so flimsy to her should so effectually dupe Captain Thynne. She did not know, *then*, how magnetic is the attraction of woman's beauty to man, nor how easily a good man can believe in simulated goodness. Olive had learnt a good many painful lessons in life, but she had more to learn yet.

"How charming your sister is!" whispered Captain Thynne as he set down his mother's coffee-cup, and waited for the replenishment of his own. "You had not prepared me for such an acquisition to our society here."

She was glad that he did not look for an answer, but that he turned to throw a playful word or two at Cissy, and then hastily finishing his coffee, went back to his post by Claris. But she felt very lonely, and then she was angry with herself for feeling so. She took herself sharply to task.

"Have I grown so selfish, so exacting," she demanded, "that I expect always to lead? What is the matter with me? Cannot I sit in the shade, I who so despise the garish sunshine? Cannot I give place to others for an hour without this miserable feeling of neglect and discontent? Oh! I hate myself!"

Just then Miss Ursula turned her head and beckoned Cissy to her.

"Come here and talk to me," she said, drawing a chair nearer to her own; "I shall miss you sadly to-morrow, my dear."

For Cissy's long visit was drawing to a close; next day she was to return to her own home. And Cissy's emotions on the subject were very mingled just now. She dropped down on her knees, after the fashion of school-girls, and with both arms round Miss Ursula, poured out a whole flood-tide of regrets, and love, and tender leave-taking.

Olive, meanwhile, stole away to her own room. She was dissatisfied and restless she could not tell why, and she was more and more angry with

herself every moment. She took down a book and tried to read; it was a volume of essays, which, in her ordinary moods, she liked well.

But this evening there was no savour in anything.

"How dry this man is!" she exclaimed in a few moments, throwing down the book. "How tiresomely he repeats his platitudes! I wonder I ever liked him."

Then she opened another book, a story of goodness and patience, told in quaint, rich old English—a story well known to her, well loved by her, perhaps because the fiery ardor of her own character could bring only reverence to the picture of a perfect patience bearing and surmounting the woes wrought by the wicked deeds of fellow men and women.

But to-night the "hushed step and still countenance" of Constance wearied her even to disgust; her meekness irritated her; she pushed the old poet into his place again upon the bookshelf.

Then she drew the curtain of her window and looked out upon a wintry sheet of chill moonlight spread over the faded flowers-beds, and showing like hoar frost upon the smooth-shaven lawns—a peaceful scene, at least, if cold and colorless. But peace was not the temper of Olive's mind just then; she could not bear the hush which was so out of harmony with the restless movement of her own spirit; the silent calm was to her as if a cold, frozen hand had been laid upon her warm, beating heart; she shrank back into the glitter and warmth of her pretty, comfortable chamber. Suddenly she remembered that she might be missed from the drawing-room, and that she had already been absent longer than was consistent with the courteous hospitality due to Lady Arthur. She descended hastily, to find her little ladyship in the hall, already cloaked and shawled for departure, talking eagerly to her son and to Claris. Olive certainly did not seem to have been missed; nobody noticed her now as she stood upon the staircase beneath the portrait of a Lady Armytage of long ago, in whose face Miss Ursula had often see a strange likeness to that of Olive—seen it without speaking of it, for of this Lady Armytage a fearful tale was told; how that, wronged and insulted by the husband of her love, she had drawn her rival hither in the absence of her lord by a tender missive forged in his name, and, once within her power, she had mocked the hapless wretch day by day, whilst she slew her by a slow and cruel doom, prolonged that she might taste the full bitterness of death in drops of burning reproach and fierce triumph. And there was that in the wild dark eyes of the picture which confirmed the savage tale, only the grace of the small head and slender throat, the raven-black hair and dark complexion, the tender curve of the sweet lips, were all Olive's.

"Then we may consider it settled," she heard Lady Arthur say.

"Yes, I think so," replied Claris. "Olive will not want the horse to-morrow; she must drive to Estwick to see Miss Holmby off by the train. But I have friends to meet in the afternoon; I must return in time for that. Ah, Olive, there you are, standing like the ghost old Stenson told us about this morning (an Armytage legend, Lady Arthur, which I must tell you as we ride to-morrow.) Here I am, Olive dear, disposing of your property in the coolest manner! Lady Arthur wishes me to ride with her to-morrow to Hartshill Priory, and you know my horse has not arrived yet. I am proposing to borrow Die Vernon, if you will lend her to me. I know you have an engagement in the morning, and Lady Arthur tells me you have seen the priory."

Olive gave an assent which she tried to make cordial, and because she *tried* she worried herself into thinking that it did not sound so. It was hard to give Die Vernon up, even for a day when she remembered who had broken the beautiful, high-bred creature in for her especial and exclusive use—whose touch had been upon the bridle-rein day after day until the proud neck had bowed itself to a gentler rule. No one but herself had ever mounted Die; she used to think that no one ever should. Surely no horse since the days of the Roman tyrant had been so tenderly considered. And now Die Vernon would never be the same to her again—her cherished idol was to suffer desecration; it was to become a pariah; it cost her a great deal to submit to it, and what with regret on the one side, and self-dissatisfaction on the other, and a sort of pervading uneasiness over all, Olive was wretched enough that night.

Next day Clasy went back to the dingy town parsonage, her heart, dead as she had thought it, giving many a bound of delight as she neared the platform upon which a whole row of eager little faces glowed with expectation of her coming. And later in the day a bevy of girls, with a fair English matron at the head of them, arrived at the Estwick station, and were met there by the Armytage baroushe and by Claris, mounted on Die Vernon, no less attractive in the *amazone* phase of beauty than she had been in her glittering evening toilette—a riding-habit of dark blue cloth, with a white heron's plume set in a little cap of the same, and her fair hair gathered into a sunny coil beneath it, was as good a setting as any for the grand beauty of Claris. So Captain Thynne thought, and he had ample occasion for judging during the ride, which Lady Arthur protracted to the latest possible moment, for Claris only galloped up to the station in time to see her friends already seated in the carriage which had been sent for them.

After this there was no more peaceful home-life at Armytage Hall. Without, wintry days had come, cold winds, and driving rain, and chill, damp fog; but within the hall there were warmth and merriment, gay young voices ringing through the corridors, and bright forms flitting through the rooms. The old echoes woke up again to music and laughter such as they had not known since the days when old Sir Walter brought home his young bride, and celebrated in gay festivity the joy which was to be short-lived.

Miss Ursula, who loved youth and happiness, was pleased and happy. Claris had judged well when she had asked the Honorable Mrs. Courtney Decies to be her aunt's guest—a mild, gentle lady entirely congenial to Miss Ursula. This lady chaperoned her daughter—a languid young woman, Elaine by name—and two nieces, who were by no means languid—Jessie and Isabel Bohun—young ladies who talked loudly and fast, who were tall and fashionable if neither handsome nor elegant, who travelled with their own hunters and their own grooms, and who expected their "high breeding" (*i. e.*, their noble name,) to bear any strain they might choose to put upon it.

Just now, too, the returned "county" became conscious of its obligations towards the new family at Armytage Hall, and carriage after carriage rolled up the long avenue and set down its burden of lady callers at Miss Ursula's door. And all this movement, strange to say, suited Olive. Her mind continued restless and unsettled; nothing but action and perpetual change seemed to satisfy it.

By-and-by the rainy days cleared into keen, bracing weather, and Lady Arthur came forward with proposals of riding parties to show Claris and her guests the surrounding country. Now, on its journey from F——shire, Claris's horse, carelessly shod by village blacksmith, had fallen lame, and was still unfit for service. She professed herself mistrustful of any other substitute but Die Vernon; and as the languid Elaine preferred driving to riding, and Lady Arthur did not forget to hint broadly that Olive had pretty well explored the country in Claris's absence, Die Vernon was day after day allotted to Claris, whilst Olive was condemned to drive Miss Decies about the home lanes in a little pony-chair, the result of which unmitigated companionship was that Olive's chafed brain, for want of other excitement, relieved itself in producing such vagaries on the parts of the two frisky little ponies as effectually disturbed the repose of Miss Decies' character, and induced her thereafter to elect to drive with her mother and Miss Ursula. This election left Olive free to walk off the pent-up effervescence which was absolutely stifling her. She chose the most unfrequented spots for her rambles—where the fallen leaves lay dampest about the huge old trunks in the park, or in the heart of the grey-brown woods; up through the plantations of fir and larch to the very top of the hill which Sir Walter had redeemed from barrenness, stepping quickly as if to escape some pursuer, sinking sometimes to rest upon a moss-grown stump, and starting up again as if rest were a burden. Thus Olive spent these solitary hours. She never paused to ask herself, "What is it?" Perhaps she was afraid to know.

The next two weeks were spent by Gerald in a sort of delirium. A Circe's potent spells were upon him, and if he half woke up sometimes and struggled to be free, it was only to relapse yet farther into the sweet bondage. Claris put forth all her powers to conquer him; she varied her beauty so that it was new every day, and he thought every day more bewitching. She piqued him by her changing, capricious moods; sometimes she was all softness and sweetness, and then, without any apparent reason, she would withdraw coldly from him, so that he was fain to follow in order to find out the reason why. He would leave her, puzzled and bewildered, angry with himself in the wounded vanity of his man's heart that she should be any mystery to him, then he would return, in a sort of fascination, to try and fathom that mystery. And he would find her so gracious, so charming, that he was satisfied just to rest in the present delight. Say he was weak if you like. Who pretends that he was strong? Men *are* weak in this matter of beauty. More's the pity. Was he the first man or the last who has yielded the outworks of his senses to the first shock of an assault, whilst the innermost citadel of his heart remains untaken, and he, in the din of battle, never recognizes that all is not lost? When Love goes forth to war in all the pomp and circumstance of glorious beauty, who may withstand him? Down fall the bulwarks, the strongest fortifications crumble into atoms, man lays down his arms and surrenders without discretion. We are disappointed with a general when he has lost a battle, but when the force opposed to him is irresistibly stronger than his own we have no right to be angry.

Soon Lady Arthur was exulting in the success of her schemes. Miss Ursula was taking pained counsel with herself, and watching furtively the restless flittings to and fro of Olive. She, poor child, was still hurrying through life, busying herself feverishly; afraid of any pause lest she should think, and think the truth.

So she sat one evening at her tea-table, her fingers moving incessantly amongst the cups or dropping lumps of sugar from the heavy chased tongs back again into the crystal bowl. Behind her a door was open into another room, in which was placed a bagatelle-board. Claris, Captain Thynne, Isabel and Jessie Bohun were gathered about it, playing a match with much noisy enjoyment. Mrs. Decies nodded placidly at Miss Ursula and her knitting from an opposite sofa, whilst Elaine, wrapped in a crimson shawl over her white India muslin dress, enjoyed the coolest arm-chair in the room, with such intervals of reading as did not interfere with the repose of her position.

Presently the party from the next room trooped in, calling loudly for coffee. Gerald took cup after cup from Olive's hand without a word, only, as he handed the cake-basket to her, he added, almost in a whisper—

"Will you not sing to-night?"

The blood rushed up into her face in sudden fire, then surged back again, leaving her pale as death.

"No," she choked forth with uncouth abruptness.

In that instant of time a great temptation had been overcome.

He turned away without a word of remonstrance.

Presently Olive heard Claris say—

"Will you be kind enough to say something, Captain Thynne, just by way of conversation? You have not spoken for five minutes by my watch."

"I would rather listen to you," she heard him reply.

"Oh, these degenerate days!" sighed Claris; "that was not Lord Stair's politeness, Captain Thynne."

"It is not mine," he returned, laughing; "it is simple selfishness."

Isabel Bohun sat down to the piano and played waltzes and quadrilles enough for a *soirée dansante;* then her sister, who went in for "high art," thundered through Thalberg's noisiest effects. Olive glanced up at Gerald; she knew how he loved music, and she could tell by the irrepressible contraction of his brows how much he was suffering. Somebody asked for Handel's music; the Misses Bohun repudiated it; they only sang Italian. Captain Thynne started up for Miss Ursula's teacup and set it down upon Olive's tray; she did not raise her eyes; she was hoping he would speak, but he stood there without a word. A fierce throb of returning temptation shook her heart; she had seen his soul melted by those grand words and that solemn, stately music; she knew the power of her exquisite voice over him. Should she use it now, and win him back to her, even as he had been drawn away? She possessed this one siren charm—should she use it? Claris had no more voice than a peacock; should she crush her with this power of hers?

It was only an instant's faltering; the next moment she had conquered the enemy and stood firm again, only she felt her soul darkened as by a baneful shadow passing over it. She crept out of the room, and wrapping a thick shawl about her, passed out at the great folding doors of the portico, and so round to the terrace on the other side. Great inky-black arms of cedars blotted out the wintry sky as she mounted the steps beneath them; a cold blast of wintry wind met her as she emerged from their shelter; but Olive, sensitive enough at other times, did not heed it now, although the transition from the warm room she had quitted to this bitter outside air was almost dangerous. It was dark and gloomy enough, too; but with one end of her shawl thrown over her head, she almost flew up and down the long walk. The keen north wind, with shrieks and yells of triumph, chased an army of flying clouds overhead or routed a rabble of withered leaves underfoot. The two couchant lions at each end of the terrace showed preternaturally white through the darkness, but the gloomier the scene, the fiercer the wind, the more Olive seemed to feel braced and strengthened against the encroachments of the evil shadow. She paced up and down until the clock on the turret above the stables struck eleven and reminded her of Miss Ursula's punctuality. Coming into the hall again, she found Captain Thynne just prepared for leaving. He took her hand in his for a hasty good-night, and, although he must have noticed its chilliness and seen the wrap which hung over her arm, he made no remonstrance, as he would have done a month ago. This shy constraint had grown up between them of late, both conscious of it, neither questioning the cause. Olive passed on into the drawing-room; the sleepy Elaine and her mother had gone to bed, the Misses Bohun were sorting their music at the piano; Miss Ursula was giving orders to Jervis at the inner room door; Claris stood alone at the fire. Olive stooped to warm her frozen fingers, and when she raised her head the keen wind had fixed itself in a brilliant flush upon her cheeks.

"You pretty little creature," cried Claris in her soft, coaxing way, holding her sister by both hands, "you shall tell me the secret of your rouge before you go."

Olive half turned away with a gesture of distrust; then with one of the quick, passionate impulses of a nature fired by the Indian sun, she threw herself suddenly upon Claris's neck.

"Kiss me," she cried.

And as Claris, smiling, pressed her lips upon the carmine cheek resting against her white shoulder, the vile shadow melted away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Ladies of the New York Press.

You must go abroad to learn what is doing at home. A letter from New York in an English paper enlightens us as follows—though probably its statements are a little mixed:

"Certain young *citoyennes* of Manhattan have developed a new phase of amateur fastness that may possibly be worthy the general attention of the sisterhood known as 'fast young ladies.' To usurp the functions of poor-devil reporters, and write up local sensations for the daily press, is the reigning ambition of Miss Flora McFlimsey and her charming associates of Madison square. To be able to pull from pocket of dress or paletot a damp and grimy copy of the daily Times, or Tribune, or World, as one passes the rival belle on the 'drive' in Central Park, and wave this chequered flag of victory over the other Andromache, is now one of the highest gratifications of the conqueror of Saratoga and Newport. Let me mention one instance of the innovation. The critiques with regard to Ristori that have appeared in the New York Tribune have all emanated from the pen of Miss Kate Fields. Miss Fields is a daughter of the senior member of the well-known Boston and New York book publishing firm of Ticknor & Fields. Mr. Fields is a wealthy man; his turnout in the Park is one of the finest in New York. His daughter is a young lady of remarkable beauty, and as much a character in her way as the well-known Yankee cantatrice, Miss Kellogg, who boxes and fences as well as she sings, and whose knowledge of music—and she is an accomplished musician—is but slightly superior to her knowledge of the good points of horses and dogs. Miss Fields is an ardent admirer—one might say she is a worshipper—of Ristori, and she throws into her essays in the Tribune all the emotion of her nature. Indeed, she has likened Ristori to 'an angel from Heaven,' and somewhat to the (comparative) disadvantage of the angel. On Ristori nights Miss Fields proceeds, immediately upon the conclusion of the performance, to the Tribune office, which is distant some two miles from the theatre. Her escort through the poorly-lighted and deserted streets of the lower city consists of coachman and footman. She usually arrives at the Tribune office at about midnight, and, attired in full evening dress, mounts the narrow and crooked stairways of the building to burst, as a sort of becrinolined aerolite, upon the vision of the assembled Jenkinses of Mr. Greeley's establishment. Flinging her cloak aside, she seizes pen and paper, and constructs her criticism, tosses her 'copy' to the open-mouthed Ganymede in attendance, and, followed by her flunkey, sails out again to her carriage, and so to her Fifth Avenue home, to await the appearance of the journal to whose columns she has contributed. The scene in the office during the visit of Miss Fields is a strange one. The Tribune reporters constitute a class by themselves. They affect 'alouch' hats, or sombreros, Byron collars, enormous meerschaum pipes, and great moodiness of manner. They smoke with a vigor and persistence worthy of German students. Their room in the Tribune office is always kept in a state of artistic disorder—the desks are battered and old, the floors are worn and soiled, the ceiling is cracked and brown. Nothing is in its place. When the young lady critic sits herself down to write, each moody man of the Tribune sits himself down to smoke and stare, keeping, however, at a respectful distance from the abnormal creature, the scratches of whose busy pen are the only sounds heard in the apartment."

☞ THE HAT.—Staub, that famous priest of the Temple of Fashion, was once asked how it was that such a great genius as he did not bring forth some new invention in the way of gentlemen's dress? "I have long reflected upon the matter," replied Staub, "but what can I *do* so long as the present style of hat holds its place? The hat is the point of departure in dress; find me a new style of hat, and I will soon improvise a new costume."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV'R. 17, 1866.

OUR NOVELETS, CLUBS, &c.

We call attention to the new Novelet, named

HEARTS ERRANT,

which we have every reason to believe will give great satisfaction to our readers. Lady readers, especially, will admire it.

We design commencing a new novelet by Mr. Bennett in the first paper of the next year. It will be called

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER;
A TALE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

We trust those who intend making up clubs for the new year, will begin at once, before their friends are engaged for other periodicals.

NO PAPER OFFERS AS GREAT INDUCEMENTS AS THE POST. Besides, as THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND can always be clubbed together, it makes the getting up of large lists much easier than where there is no choice. Many persons will also take both periodicals, and thus count for two subscriptions.

We return our thanks to the host of old friends who have stood by us for years, and hope to continue to make THE POST in every way worthy of their support. And if it comes in their way occasionally to recommend our sheet to their friends and neighbors, we shall duly appreciate the kindness.

PHYSICAL AND MENTAL FORCE.

The world uses two weapons in the redress of political errors, Thought and the Sword. The last violent and uncertain, the first slow but sure. For mankind progresses not by occasional leaps, like the hare, but, like the snail, by steady, persistent creeping. Early Geology read in the rocks a tale of paroxysmal convulsions followed by long slumbers of the forces of nature; late Geology finds proofs of constant progress, little aided by these earthquaking paroxysms. Such likewise is the tale of history, a slowly rising tide in the ocean of the people, of which wars form but the waves and eddies.

For the world is not winged, and they who would have it fly may soon have it floundering in a slough. The sword is a relentless machine, mowing down wheat and tares, good and bad together; easy to set in motion, but impossible to limit in its work; ceasing not when the harvest is made, but making a new, blind harvest of its own.

Plenty is the mantle of Peace, but Ruin is the sheath of the Sword; institutions and hopes alike topple and fall before its keen edge. Sometimes strong hands and firm heads have built wisely from the fragments it has left; oftener the ruins of old systems are builded into new strongholds of political injustice. For to kill the tyrant is not always to kill the tyranny, and an evil whose seeds remain in the soil will grow again.

But Thought hath no sheath. It is always drawn, always keen. Not scythe-like, cutting wide swathes in the upper growth, but worm-like, nipping the roots of evil. Its action resembles the slow, enduring progress of the Alpine glacier, unseen day by day, yet year by year grinding the solid rocks to powder, abrading the mountain walls, and carrying huge boulders into the plains. So silently and irresistibly moves Thought; we cannot see it stir, but the abraded rocks over which it has passed are there to mark its progress.

Ideas laugh at laws. They cannot be decreed out of existence. A barrier may be built to the ocean, but Thought has no shores; though walled in with granite and chained down with iron, its subtle influence will dissolve rock and metal and infect the world. The oppressor is a man, and all men die. The oppression is a system, and often as mortal as its author. But Thought is abstract and can neither be reached by the sword nor awed by the sceptre. We may slay the body, we cannot touch the soul, and public opinion is the soul of a nation; that subtle element, proof against decay, infiltrating the minds of the people, "and the houses which it builds last till doomsday."

The political conditions of Greece and Rome are dead beyond hope of a resurrection, yet their systems of thought survive and form the substratum on which modern systems are built. So Greece and Rome built their philosophical systems on the old thought of Egypt, though Egypt's politics are buried beneath her pyramids and only the Sphynx knows the riddle of her destiny. For the thought systems of the world are laid in history layer after layer, like the strata of the earth's crust, each giving support to all that follow, each borrowing substance from all that precede, the whole the result of a crude mass of human intellect which has been worked and reworked, till from it our own stratum of refined material is being deposited food for a nobler future. Political systems are the fossil remains in these rocks, serving principally to fix their chronology, each species confined to a single layer, while at the same time certain persistant types of organism survive all changes of political formations.

HIGH FIGURES.

This is the Carnival of Figures. They have turned acrobats all, those steady Numerals, those quiet Ordinals, and, sadder still, those staid Roman Cardinals. Up and down the broad streets of the sober city of Commerce they go, making the loftiest leaps and the oddest somersaults, till the spectators start back in dismay to see their old friends, never before suspected of wine-bibbing, suddenly grown so "high."

That yellow old bacchanal, Gold, marshals the procession, leaping quite out of sight in his admirable antics, while his Assistant Marshal, Silver, closely emulates his tricks. After them comes the quaintest procession, to which the merriest and maddest of old pageants can show nothing akin. It is called "The Quaint Medley of Lofty Figures," and its peculiar feature consists in the grotesque equipages and animals on which these caracoling Numerals are mounted.

First ambles along a weak-looking tub, filled with a white conglomerate called Butter, on which is mounted a sturdy 75. He seems to enjoy his ride, too, much more than the spectators do, for while we all admit that 75 is a very pretty arrangement of figures, we don't like to see it breaking the back of a pound of butter.

Next comes a flour barrel, toddling leisurely along, on which a plethoric 16 sits astride, crowned with a Cardinal's cap, shaped somewhat thus $, and it is surprising how immensely this odd-looking cap adds to the weight and dignity of the figure. Then follow a couple of starved ducks, or a melodious male chicken, with a most preposterous rogue of a figure astride its neck, till one feels inclined to inform the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" of a case coming under their jurisdiction. In short, every imaginable article of merchandize, from a needle to a brick house, from a waterfall to a full set of "Double Elliptics," has been pressed into the service of these abominable riders.

There are always on hand two factions of interested spectators, called respectively "The Insiders" and "The Outsiders," and the game is for one party to seek to dismount these sturdy acrobats, and for the other party to retain them in their seats. It is certainly a very pretty game, and the Numerals themselves seem thoroughly to enjoy it by their clown-like frisking and gambolings. Now and then an unfortunate one gets tumbled into the mud and a more modest figure mounted in his seat, but of late years the "Ins" have had much the best of the game, and the "Outs" are grown quite blue in consequence.

Sadly we confess that we are "Outs," most melancholy "Outs," but are quite ready to repent and change positions with any respectable batter or bowler of the "Ins" who feels like retiring from the game.

Oh to be one of the "First 9" in that delightful pastime! To take part in its magnificent "Runs" and gorgeous "Innings!" Excuse our feelings, dear reader, and permit us to subside into quiet contemplation of that "Chateaux en Espagne," while we let "Expressive Silence muse its praise."

Answer to "A Woman's Complaint."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Going into an ice-cream saloon last summer, my attention was attracted at once to a beautiful vase of petunias suspended from the ceiling, near a window. The vase itself appeared to be composed entirely of moss. "What handsome petunias!" I exclaimed. "So thrifty, and so full of blossoms! But what are they growing in?"

"It is a vase or basket that I made myself out of an old hoop skirt," replied the lady.

"Is it possible!" said I. "Why the moss hides the frame-work of the basket so that I should not have dreamed what it was made of. It is a splendid ornament to a room, and the best method I ever heard of for using up old hoop skirts."

Various shaped baskets or vases may be thus made of those odious nuisances, cast-off hoop-skirts. Fill these vases with forest moss, insert hyacinth or crocus bulbs, or slips of ivy or other ornamental plants; hang the vase in the sunny southern window of your warm sitting-room or parlor; keep the moss always moist, and the plants thus nourished will grow into things of beauty that will brighten your homes and your hearts through all the dismal days of the coming winter.

Or, if you are in want of ladders for plants already potted, procure sticks of proper length, perforate them at regular distances, then take the hoops from your old skirts and interlace them back and forth in whatever shape best suits your fancy. A great variety of ladders may made be thus made.

But do not be grieved or annoyed if you cannot use up all your hoop-skirts thus. Wait till next spring, when flower gardens are to be made out of doors. Then if you want to train any climbing plants, you can make capital trellis-work of your old hoop-skirts by suspending them from poles stuck down in the centre of your beds. No matter if the scarecrow skeletons do look ridiculous at first, before the young vines have grown up and covered them with their graceful verdure; no matter if your neighbor laughs at you for hanging out such ill-looking objects in the broad light of day; you can afford to wait and to be laughed at; for by-and-by you will have a pyramid of verdant beauty which will win the admiration of all beholders.

GENEVA.

☞ A man, who gave his age as thirty years, applied to a Chicago justice the other night to be joined in the holy bonds of matrimony to a girl of seventeen years. The justice asked the usual questions, and received correct answers until the following was propounded to the would-be bridegroom:—"Have you ever been married before?" "Yes." "Is your wife still living?" "Yes." "Are you divorced from her?" "No." "Where is she?" "I sold her." "How much did you get for her?" "None of your business." "Well, I can't marry you if your wife is still living." "But she liked a younger fellow better than she did me, and was willing to be sold for $200, if he bought her, so I let her go."

☞ IMPROVED PENCILS.—Great quantities of pencils are now made in England, of a composition formed of sawdust and small pieces of lead, which are ground to an impalpable powder, mixed with some cohesive medium. They are much better than the "American lead pencil."

☞ THE SYSTEM GROWING.—Four millions of dollars were transmitted through the mails, by postal orders, during the last fiscal year.

☞ A scientific way of lighting pipes and cigars has been recently introduced in Paris, under the name of *poudre de feu*. It consists of pyrophorous, which is preserved in a small tin case with a narrow orifice. When a little of this black powder is poured out on the end of a cigar, or on the tobacco in a pipe stem, and then gently breathed upon, it becomes incandescent, and is in a condition to light the said pipe or cigar.

☞ The latest antiquarian sensation is the discovery of an ancient city in Southeastern Africa, believed to be the Ophir of the Scriptures.

☞ In the third century of our era, at least seven hundred years before the introduction of the compass in the European seas, Chinese vessels navigated the Indian Ocean with needles pointing to the South.

☞ A London correspondent describes Swinburne, the poet, as physically a Tom Thumb, slightly exaggerated, but wiry, fiery, a magazine of thunder and lightning, with the look and bearing of a man who could make himself extremely disagreeable in an encounter.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

CRUEL CHRISTIANITY—CHRISTIAN IDOLATORS—A LEGACY OF HATE—SPANISH MISCREANTS—THE CHASE—THE SNOW RESCUE—DON JUAN ALMEDIA—SUN STROKE.

For the sake of humanity, religion, and morality, it is a question if the country of the ancient Peruvians has in anything been benefitted by the conquests of the arrogant, greedy, gold-loving Spaniard. Taking as evidence what we know to be reliable in the history of all that magnificent region once ruled by the mighty Incas of Peru, let us see if the testimony does not prove conclusively that this early *el dorado*—this wide realm of peace, plenty, harmony, and Idolatry—has not been debased, made wretched, and its progress rolled backwards five centuries by the polluting tread and infernal despotism of its intolerant, bigoted conquerors.

At the first advent of the Spaniard into Peru, there existed under the beneficent rule of the just and patriarchal Incas, a people highly civilized, far advanced in the industrial arts and sciences, having an equitable and good government, and institutions securing to all personal happiness, safety, equal rights, civil and religious liberty, and individual and national prosperity. Industry was the universal rule; sobriety, virtue, and an inoffensive life were requisites of the Peruvian's religious character. In great internal improvements—roads, canals, aqueducts, bridges, a system of irrigation, and universal industrial prosperity—no European nation of that period equalled them. Sheep in countless millions supplied food, and the fleeces that dusky female fingers deftly fashioned into garments, granaries always full to overflowing, were guarantees against possible famine, and want was a condition unknown to the early Peruvians.

The religion of the Peruvians was a far loftier, more holy conception than a routine of mere pagan rites. It contemplated in the sun the Great Giver of all good, a belief not so entirely pagan but that many a modern Christian worshipper might better his faith by putting in practice the belief.

Let us find if we can that feature of morality or virtue that has been added to the Peruvian character by the change forced upon them by their professed Christian conquerors. The truths of Peruvian history since the conquest, and the condition of all these South American countries once constituting a portion of the great empire of the Incas, settles the question beyond all dispute.

Given over to a brutal soldiery as slaves, their avarice, infernal lust, and unprincipled barbarity, crushed, debased, and degraded the wretched vassals to a depth below that of the brute creation. Towns, villages, public and private buildings, were invaded, pillaged, and destroyed, in violation of all the teachings of Christianity or civilization; no rights of persons or property were respected; the sacred cloisters of the sun-temples were the scenes of grossest and most infamous outrage; holy priests were slaughtered for pastime, the vestal virgins polluted, temples were everywhere wantonly desecrated, granaries burned with all their contents, highways, canals and aqueducts were ruined, flocks and herds slain, and to crown the Spaniard's infamy, all that was sacred and holy to these unsophisticated children of the sun, was trampled upon and despised, their altars and most sacred shrines were desecrated and made a mockery of, their worship of that deity which to them was as holy as the Christian's God is in the sight of Christians, was made criminal and forbidden, until disheartened, sickened, and utterly demoralized, the unhappy Peruvians could not believe in and accept a religion of which they could comprehend nothing that demanded the worship of an invisible God; so that forced from their worship of Baal, they can understand no other Jehovah, and ever since the days of the Spanish conquest of Peru, Peruvians have been ostensibly without a God, or even the semblance of any religion.

This condition of Atheistical paganism is only applicable, however, to such of the natives of the country as live among and hold intercourse with the Spanish population. Going beyond the bounds of the arbitrary influences of the dominant race, and finding descendants of the Incas, we shall find them to-day as devout and consistent worshippers of the sun as were their ancestors in the days of Atalpa and Huasco.

Thus abused and down-trodden, their holy faith made a mockery and by-word of, it is little wonder that the Peruvians have laid away in their hearts a bitter hate of the Spaniard, which in all the long period since the conquest has lost nothing of its intensity, and will never die; but transmitted from father to son and mother to daughter, will continue to burn in smothered flame, a legacy of horror so long as a degenerate descendant of the once mighty Incas shall breath the air and tread the soil of what was once their forefathers' magnificent, happy, almost Christian Peru.

Implacable, however, as the Peruvians are in their hatred of the Spanish race, the prejudice does not extend to white people of any other country; and there is never even in their hatred of the Spaniard anything of that bloodthirsty, revengeful ferocity that characterizes everywhere the North American savage. The degraded Peruvian detests the Spaniard, fears, shuns, and in his way loathes and despises him as the incarnation of all that is beastly, wicked, and unholy: but a lingering belief in the might and final justice of his tutelar sun-deity withholds his hand from murder, and the slaying of a Spanish man, woman or child, whatever may be the provocation and justification, is an occurrence almost unheard of among the descendants of this once powerful people. Having in their power one of the hated race, and provoked to murder, the argument is:

"Let him live. My God sees him. The Sun never sleeps. I shall be avenged." And so, though ten times worthy of death, the Spaniard escapes it at the hand of his despised vassal.

Sometimes there occur instances that go very far towards fostering and maintaining among this wretched race the popular superstition that their great God of Light is not only sure, but sometimes swift in visiting awful retribution upon their Spanish oppressors. We had several instances while we were exploring the great plateau and basin of Titilocca that came directly under our observation, in their nature very like the special interposition of some avenging deity whether of the sun, or a more Almighty Power, in behalf of an abused and downtrodden race. Two of the instances are perhaps worthy of record.

Visiting a native Peruvian town of some six hundred inhabitants, situated in a pleasant valley some ten leagues northeast from Lake Titticaca, we found everything in confusion and disorder, and like Ramoth of Gilead of old, there went up from the village a "sound of weeping and lamentation." It was nearly noon, and three hours previously a party of thirteen mounted Spanish *caballeros* had taken their departure, having during the night pillaged the town, robbing the inhabitants of all they possessed that was valuable and portable; and adding atrocities more damnable to that of robbery, they had shamefully abused the wives and daughters of the peaceful Peruvians, murdered ten of the men, and as a crowning act of infamy had dragged away with them to a fate infinitely worse than death, five young and beautiful girls.

Sparing a half hour to the piteous tale told us in their earnest, simple patois, as they crowded around us, we looked into each other's eyes as we sat there in saddle listening, and saw everywhere vengeance flashing more expressive than any words could have spoken it. Looking around upon our party, we saw Edith Bond quietly capping her revolver, Cator screwing together the sections of his lance staff with a nervous twist, Dona Inez was rapidly adjusting the coils of her lasso; and then we saw our headlong Kate, having hurriedly questioned two white-haired old men whom she held close to her stirrup, suddenly dig her spurs spitefully into the sides of *White Falcon*, dash through the crowd and down the avenue through the village, swift almost as the rapid flight of the bird after which she had christened her superb white Mendocinean barb. Dr. Bond followed Kate O'Harra, and close at his back we all went, out of the village and away to the northward, riding at a swinging gallop towards the rugged, difficult pass of *Anchiqui*, situate some three leagues from the village.

There was no concerted action—few words of communication passed between any of us; but every soul of our party knew what we were riding that headlong pace for just as well as though we had spent three hours in preliminary council. There was likely to be a swifter and more terrible vengeance than that of an offended sun deity overtake the marauding Spaniards. We would ride a race to Cuzco or Arequipa if need be, but we would rescue the hapless Indian girls, and avenge the harmless villagers they had so ruthlessly plundered, abused and murdered.

All the forenoon, though the sun had shone brightly upon the little town, there had been a black pall of clouds hanging over the mountain gorge through which the dangerous pass ran, and we knew well enough that one of those terrific Andean snow squalls that sometimes come down almost instantaneously in these elevated regions was holding high carnival in the pass of Anchiqui. It was very unfortunate, as such a squall would delay us during its period of violence, which might last for hours, and thus the Spanish freebooters might gain leagues the start—perhaps escape us altogether.

But fate or fortune favored us, for within a league of the jaws of the black gorge the snow demon broke loose from its rock-revels and came whirling down upon us, enveloping us in a snowy whirlwind that for a few minutes kept us at a dead halt. But rolling rapidly away, our path was left clear, and Kate O'Harra still leading, we rode into the defile, along one side of which lay our bridle path, narrow, difficult, dangerous everywhere, sometimes only wide enough for a single rider, and that too along a slippery shelf of rock elevated a hundred yards above and overhanging a white foaming torrent dashing along through ragged rocky barriers.

At such a point, something more than a league within the pass, turning an abrupt angle of the rocky cliff, Kate came first to the five abducted Indian girls, terror stricken and bewildered, but free and unharmed, huddled close together as far away from the brink of the chasm as they could get, while a few yards beyond them were two of the Spanish ruffians, dismounted and apparently as terrified as the girls themselves. Kate O'Harra began to unsling her rifle, the significant movement arousing the two rascals to a sense of danger more imminent than that from which they had just escaped. One of them darted away, and in ten steps disappeared around a sharp angle of rocks. The other, in attempting to follow, slipped, came down to one knee, made another misstep, whirled half round, tripped again, and went headlong down into the black abyss.

Dismounting, Kate and Edith and Minnie soothed and comforted the poor girls, and when they had quite assured them of safety and our protection, they inquired of them the fate of the robber band. The girls pointed down into the torrent roaring through the bottom of the awful chasm—two of them counted on their fingers *eleven*, and one said significantly:

"*Allie abasco* (down there.)

So but one of the freebooters escaped, and he, as we subsequently learned, perished before gaining the northern extremity of the pass. It was as well for them, after all, for there would have been hunting to the death and no mercy had we overtaken them.

We could half believe that it might have been an especial Providence that thus punished the brutal miscreants; but the poor Peruvians of the village would never believe that it was aught else than an avenging act of their aroused sun deity.

The other instance occurred a few days later, at a small village on the eastern rim of the great Titticaca Basin. Our entire party were witnesses of the closing scene of the drama.

A rich Spanish proprietor of an estancia had outraged, in a most shameful manner, the daughter of a native priest, who in his helpless distraction invoked the vengeance of the Peruvian's God upon the infernal ravisher. This appeal so excited Don Juan Almeida's rage, that gathering a score of his *Cholo* satraps, he came riding at their head into the village, cursing, blaspheming and threatening the entire destruction of the little hamlet and its inhabitants. He would never have carried out that threat, for our rifles and revolvers were between it and its execution. But there was no occasion for our interference.

Suddenly in the midst of a blasphemous imprecation, Don Juan uttered a sharp exclamation of pain, clapped his hand to his head, swayed and reeled to and fro in his saddle, and then toppling over, down he went to the earth with a dull thud, dead as his ancestors a thousand years buried.

Dr. Bond examined the body and suggested apoplexy, but the superstitious Peruvians said "*Sun stroke*," and we made no effort to undeceive them.

Nice Little Inquisitive Children.

If the first-born of Judea were lively children, with a tendency to ask questions, I look upon Herod as a benevolently wise man, whose acts have been misconstrued, and whose memory has been villified. A vast amount of nonsensical interrogatives, which would have bothered the patriarchs, and perhaps stopped the wheels of that parental style of government, he spared that generation.

The other day, in an unguarded moment, I accepted the charge and custody of a young gentleman who wore half-gaiters and a Charles II. hat and feather. His sponsors in baptism had given him one name—circumstances another. His latter appellation, "Buster." His age, as he informed me, was "going on 7" When he had made up his mind that we were to be left together, he eyed me malevolently a moment, and immediately commenced the following system of torture:

What was my name and my brother's and my father's name, and why? Did I have any little boys? Why didn't I have any little boys? What was the reason, if I didn't have any little boys, I didn't have any little girls? All this put as one question, with no stops, and a gradual rising inflection.

Was them buttons gold in my sleeve, and why? How much did they cost? Did they cost one hundred and fifty-five dollars? If they didn't cost one hundred and fifty-five dollars, what would be the price of a gold house with gold furniture and a gold staircase? Did I ever see a house with these auriferous peculiarities?

No.

What then would be the cost of a silver carriage and a gold harness? What *then* would be the cost of a leaden carriage with iron harness? And why?

Did I know why the flies walked on the ceiling? Could I walk on the ceiling? Not if I had one man to hold my head and another my legs? Why couldn't I? Couldn't I if I was a giant? Did I ever see a giant? Was I personally acquainted with any? Did I ever see them eat?

How far was it to New York? Was it a million of miles? Fifty millions of miles? If he (Buster) had a balloon, and should start off, would he get there to-night? Nor next night, nor another night, nor next week?—and WHY?

I soon found out that this WHY was simply a form of closing all questions, like the usual note of interrogation.

What was my business, and did I know any stories? and WHY?

This afforded me a plan of relief. I instantly started into an animated history of my previous life and adventures. I invested all my relations and friends with supernatural attributes, and made myself a creation something between a Genie and Robinson Crusoe. I made the most astonishing voyages and saw most remarkable occurrences. I drew liberally from the Arabian Nights and Baron Munchausen. Whenever I saw the open mouth "address itself to motion, as though 'twould speak," I brought in a Roc or a Genie or a casket of diamonds, and took away the unhappy child's breath! In the midst of an animated description of my last voyage to the Hoarhound Islands, and my adventures in the damp caves, where the candles hung in long stalactites, the parents happily returned. I hurriedly received their thanks and left. But I have the secret satisfaction of knowing that all that pent-up torrent of questions burst on the unhappy father; and that geographical inquiries regarding the locality of the "Floating Islands," the "Blanc Mange Archipelago," and "the Valley of Cream Cakes," will be henceforth his dreadful lot to meet and answer!

THE COTTON CROP.—One of our Southern exchanges, in pleasantly hitting off the various contradictory statements and the reasons for them, in relation to the cotton crop, says:—"At one time there was a fair promise of an average yield, but owing to the drought, the rains, the heat, the frost, the army worm, the navy worm, the commissary worm, the quartermaster worm, the freshets, the cholera, and the Freedmen's Bureau, the aggregate cannot possibly exceed 547 bales, distributed as follows: Alabama 86, Arkansas 42½, Florida 9, Georgia 51½, Louisiana 74½, Mississippi 93, South Carolina 24, Tennessee 70, and Texas 97." North Carolina is not included, because the journals of that State are silent, but in the other States the account is claimed as about correct.

TO HAVE OR NOT TO HAVE—A NOSE.—Some time ago, a pupil in her Royal Highness's school at Sandringham, named Hannah Fiddeman, had the misfortune to lose her nose by an attack of lupus. The disfigurement was exceedingly great, and her Royal Highness, moved by motives of compassion, commissioned Mr. Taylor, surgical instrument maker, of St. Giles, to make an artificial nose. This has been done, Mr. Taylor having ingeniously manipulated a flesh-colored silver nose for the girl, which requires some amount of attention to distinguish it from the more common and natural average of noses. The girl seems as pleased with her physiognomical addition as the manipulater is with his success. This must be consoling to people with pugs.

THE Iron crown of Lombardy is really a valuable crown, being composed of a broad circle of gold, set with large rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, on a ground of blue and gold enamel. But the most important part of the iron crown, from which it derives its name, is a narrow rim or band of iron three-eighths of an inch broad and one-tenth of an inch in thickness, attached to the inner circumference of the circle. This inner band of sacred iron is believed to have been made of one of the nails used at the Crucifixion, and accounts for the veneration in which it has been always held.

☞ The false bosoms are made of a fine wire, in the shape of a bird's nest, with a small spring in them, and really look quite natural. The plumpers are fastened on the teeth in such a manner as to make the face round and plump, and calculated to deceive the unsuspecting. Young gentlemen need have no fears. They are all right and need no artificial fixings, but we advise them not to marry a modern girl without investigation.

☞ Our little four-year old Carrie went with her aunt to a revival meeting. The preacher was very earnest in his delivery, and she was very much interested. "Mother," said she, when she came home, "I have heard such a smart minister—he stamped and pounded and made *such* a noise! and by-and-by he got *so mad* he came out of the pulpit and shook his fists at the folks, and there *wasn't anybody dared to go up and fight him!*"

Wedding Trousseau of the Future Empress of Russia.

I must now see if I can make your readers understand the glories of the trousseau of the Princess Dagmar. I do not understand them myself, but that is no reason for not describing them. One Madame Boyer, a milliner, took me to the top of a high place, and behold what I saw!

The first glory developed—the presentation dress of the Princess, after the marriage—is composed of a train of rose pink velvet, trimmed with a deep border of magnificent silver lace, of a most beautiful floral design and cobweb like texture. Bouquets of the same were *appliqués* to the train at equal distances.

The petticoat of the richest rose satin, trimmed with the same lovely lace as the train.

There was also the Princess's pillow, the covering formed entirely of the richest guipure. Many articles of under clothing were also displayed, all of the richest and most fairy-like description. Indeed, so fine that you could hardly see them without a magnifying glass.

I also saw the gold lace, embossed with pearls, for the trimming of a dress for the Empress of Russia; but it was not yet decided whether the dress should be made of white satin or turquoise blue velvet. Having seen the effect of this beautiful trimming on each of the materials above mentioned, I should decide in favor of the white satin, had I a voice in the matter.

There was also a dress for her Majesty the Queen of Wurtemburg, quite of a simple kind, and for morning wear. It was composed of a rich blue silk, trimmed with velvet of a deeper shade, and was, indeed, what I think slang people in your country would call a "howler."

By-the-by, I forgot to tell you that the robe of the Princess cost only £300.

The ladies with whom I had the happiness to be were in fits of delight at the "cheapness." "Cheap as possible," said Mrs. X. "*Mais c'est une vraie occasion*," cried out Madame Z. But somehow I noticed that the husbands gradually got near the door and looked at their watches as if they had important engagements elsewhere. —*Paris Correspondence of London Telegraph, Oct.* 15.

Life's Autumn.

Life, like the leaf, has its fading. We speak and think of it with sadness, just as we think of the autumn season. But there should be no sadness at the fading of a life that has done well its work. If we rejoice at the advent of a new life; if we welcome the coming of a new pilgrim to the uncertainty of this world's way, why should there be so much gloom when all the uncertainties are past, and life at its waning wears the glory of a completed task? Beautiful as is childhood in its freshness and innocence, its beauty is that of untried life. It is the beauty of promise, of spring, of the bud. A holier and rarer beauty is the beauty which the waning life of faith and duty wears.

It is the duty of a thing completed; and as men come together to congratulate each other when some great work has been achieved, and see in its concluding nothing but gladness, so ought we to feel when the setting sun flings back its beams upon a life that has answered well its purpose. When the bud drops are blighted, and the mildew blasts the early green, and there goes all hope of the harvest, one may well be sad; but when the ripened year sinks amid garniture of autumn flowers and leaves, why should we regret or murmur? And so a life that is ready and waiting for the "well done" of God, whose latest virtues are its noblest, should be given back to God in uncomplaining reverence, we rejoicing that earth is capable of so much gladness, and is permitted so much virtue.

WOMAN VOTERS.—The cause of womanhood suffrage was ably pleaded by Madame Barbara Bodichon, at the Social Science Congress, and Madame Bodichon was gallantly followed on the same line by Dr. Mary Walker. It may safely be said that if every man is fit to vote, so is every woman; on conditions. These, of course, are, that if women are to exercise political functions, like men, they must accept all the obligations of the sterner sex. For instance, the right of voting would give women a voice in the organization of the army. This ought not to exist apart from liability to be drawn for the militia, or to become subject to conscription, if that method of recruiting should come to be adopted in this country. The ladies who sigh for the suffrage should lose no time in enrolling themselves in regiments of Amazonian volunteers to signify that whilst they demand the rights, they are ready to accept the duties of citizenship.—*Punch.*

BOOKS.—Give us a house furnished with books rather than furniture! Both if you can, but books at any rate! To spend several days in a Friend's house, and hunger for something to read, while you are treading on costly carpets and sitting down upon luxurious chairs and sleeping upon down, is as if one were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind. Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A house without books is like a room without windows. A book is good company; it is full of conversation without loquacity. It talks to you, not through the ear, but another way.

WIDOW BATHSY ROSS, living in the town of Kingsbury, Maine, and now ninety years of age, recently walked two miles in the forenoon, and in the afternoon spun three skeins of yarn and got supper for six men. The next day she spun six skeins, and attended Conference meeting. Since she was seventy-five years old she has spun 10,050 skeins of yarn and knit twenty pairs of stockings. Many stories of smart old ladies have been told of late, but we have heard of none that equalled this. Where now are the smart old men?

THE WHEELER AND WILSON SEWING MACHINE.—The race of mankind has had few blessings bestowed upon it of more real value than the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine. Its labor saving qualities and simplicity of construction are universally acknowledged. One lady writes that she has used one of these instruments steadily for six years *without repairing;* and that in that time it has *earned* for her *a little over* $4,000.

☞ A cashier in Paris has contrived to abstract every cent of the capital of the bank which employed him, unknown to his masters. Would you believe such a thing possible? He was four years doing it, and during this period of time contrived to steal six hundred and thirty thousand dollars without arousing suspicion.

THE ELECTIONS.

The Republicans have been successful in all the recent elections, with the exceptions of the states of Delaware and Maryland, which have been carried by the Democrats.

On the Congressional ticket the Republican gains and losses will very nearly balance—though there are some districts still in doubt.

NEW YORK.—The Republican majority for Governor is probably about 14,000. Congressional delegation probably 20 Republicans to 11 Democrats.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Republican majority at least 60,000. Delegation of 10 all Republicans.

NEW JERSEY.—A gain of one member of Congress for Republicans—next delegation stands 3 Republicans to 2 Democrats.

DELAWARE.—Democratic by 1,000 majority. One Democratic Congressman. As before.

MARYLAND.—Carried by the Democrats. Democratic majority in Baltimore 1,047. Democrats gain one (perhaps two) in the Congressional delegation.

MICHIGAN.—Republican majority reported at 30,000 Congressional delegation of 6 all Republicans. No change.

WISCONSIN.—Republican majority reported at 20,000. Congressional delegation 5 Republicans to 1 Democrat. No change.

MINNESOTA.—Congressional delegation 2 Republicans. As before.

ILLINOIS.—Republicans gain one member, it is reported. Next delegation 13 Republicans to 2 Democrats. Majority reported at over 50,000.

MISSOURI.—Carried by the Republicans. Delegation 7 Republicans to 2 Democrats. As before.

KANSAS.—Republican. Delegation one Republican. As before.

NEVADA.—Reported Republican majority 1,000. Delegation one Republican. As before.

Later returns may make some changes in the above. We give them as reported at the time of writing.

Feeding Bees.

Comb honey is best. No kind of molasses is suitable, because they will not eat it. A good substitute for honey is made by dissolving any kind of sugar in just enough water so that when put into a kettle and heated to the boiling point, and scum taken off, it will be of the consistency of strained honey, when cool. This should be poured from a pitcher upon empty combs, filling the cells, and then placing the combs where the bees will find it. On this plan bees may be fed in the winter season, in mild, sunny weather, by placing the combs either before their hives, or within the *supers*, where caps are placed for surplus honey, and rapping on the hives, to cause the bees to come up where the feed is.—*Rural American.*

SNOW AND MOSQUITOES.—The manner in which geographical distance as well as time is annihilated by the magnetic telegraph is well brought out by a circumstance that happened on the 5th inst., along the line which stretches from Cape Breton, an extreme British province, to New Orleans. There was something in the condition of the atmosphere that night which enabled the line to work to unusual advantage, and the operators at the extreme ends indulged for a while in some jocular conversation. The following are two of the messages sent, and they will show that not only were space and time annihilated, but even opposite seasons were brought together. Sydney, Cape Breton, to New Orleans—"You come good. Glad to hear from sunny New Orleans. It's snowing hard here." New Orleans to Sydney—"It's quite sultry to-night. We are fighting mosquitoes. Your connection was good at Mobile."

IN THE Supreme Court of Connecticut there has recently been decided a curious case. A man and his wife having been killed by a railroad accident, the heirs of each brought suit and recovered $4,000 in each case. The money obtained for the death of the wife went to her heirs, and the question before the Supreme Court was whether the $4,000 recovered by the death of the man should go to his or his wife's heirs. She having survived him a few hours, the court decided that the wife's heirs should have the money.

☞ We had in our employ some time ago a Frenchman whose knowledge of the English language was rather limited, but who nevertheless was never at a loss to express himself. He had occasion to go to a relative of mine in the country, at which place a younger brother of mine was staying. On his return I asked him was my brother making himself useful on the farm? His reply was, "Oh, yes; he can now pull down as milk from as cow!"

☞ CURIOUS REPORTS FROM THE "HUB."—One of the Boston papers says that "the subject of the South Boston Flats is again up before the authorities," and that "squashes are cheaper in that market than any other product of the fields."

☞ A prominent church member in Waterville, Vermont, lately worked in his potato garden all Sunday, thinking it was Saturday.

☞ The Brahmins and Mohammedans have fixed upon 1867 as a year of some remarkable and marvellous change.

☞ At a school in Connecticut there was a janitor who took care of the school buildings, and who also kept boarders. One of the boarders owed him $20, and as a receipt for $20 or over requires a two-cent stamp, the man gave the boy a receipt for $19 99, and gave him back one penny, thus saving one cent. If anybody can beat that in meanness, let's hear of it.

☞ Digg saw a note lying on the ground, but knew that it was counterfeit, and walked on without picking it up. He told Smithers the story, when the latter said, "Do you know, Diggs, you have committed a very grave offence?" "Why, what have I done?" "You have passed a counterfeit bill, knowing it to be such," said Smithers.

☞ Mount Hood, Oregon, was recently ascended and explored by a party of scientific gentlemen, who report that it is really a volcano, and that it is the highest mountain in the United States—its height being 17,600 feet.

☞ A London physician recently sent a prescription through the Atlantic cable to a patient on this side of the water.

☞ A rule prevalent in England for ascertaining the weight of each dressed quarter will be one-seventh of the live weight of the entire sheep; that is, if the sheep weighs 140 pounds, the dressed carcase will weigh 80 pounds. This rule is said to be tolerably accurate for sheep in fair order and not very fat.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1867.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

REDUCED PRICES TO CLUBS.

BEAUTIFUL PREMIUM ENGRAVING.

The proprietors of the "oldest and best of the weeklies" have resolved to reduce their terms to club subscribers for the coming year, and to offer unequalled inducements to those who incur the labor of making up the clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 26 inches long by 20 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

"ONE OF LIFE'S HAPPY HOURS,"

will be sent *gratis* to every single ($2.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

Stories, Sketches, Essays,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources.

We design commencing, in the first number of *January*, a new story, called

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER;

A Tale of the South-West,

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

whose stories of "THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST" and "THE WHITE SLAVE, A TALE OF MEXICO," have been so eagerly read in our paper during the present year. This and other SERIAL STORIES—now on hand, or stipulated for—with shorter stories from OUR HOST OF OLD CONTRIBUTORS will present a Feast of Good Things for the coming year.

Special Offer to New Subscribers.

New subscribers for 1867, will have their names entered on our list the very week their names are received. Those new subscribers who send on their names by the first of November, will receive THE POST for November and December, in addition to the whole of 1867—making Fourteen Months in all. Those who send by the first of December, will receive Thirteen Months. This is both a liberal and an unusual offer—and will probably never be repeated.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving) - - - - - - $3.50

CLUBS.

2 copies - - - - - -	$4.00	14 copies (and one to getter-up of club)			$20.00
4 " - - - - - -	8.00	20 " " "			25 00
5 " (and one to getter-up of club	8 00	28 " " "			35.00
8 " " " "	12.00	1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend			4.00

A copy of the large and beautiful Premium Engraving ("One of Life's Happy Hours") WILL BE SENT TO EVERY ONE SENDING ON A CLUB. The sender of a club of five and over, will of course get the engraving in addition to his paper.

☞ Any member of a club wishing the engraving *must* remit *one dollar extra*.

☞ Subscribers in British North America *must remit twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

SPLENDID PREMIUMS.

In addition to the SEWING MACHINE which we have offered for four years past, to the great advantage of hundreds of our subscribers, we now offer SILVER PLATED TEA SETS, and TEA and TABLE SPOONS, &c., GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, DOUBLE BARREL GUNS, ALLEN'S RIFLES, MELODEONS, CLOTHES' WRINGERS, APPLETON'S CYCLOPÆDIA, &c., as follows:

No. 1.	For 4 subscribers at	$2.50	apiece—	a Propeller Pencil, gold mounted, worth - - -	$3.00
" 2.	For 2 " "	2.50	"	one dozen Silver Plated Teaspoons, worth - - -	7.00
				or half dozen Silver Plated Tablespoons, worth - - -	7.00
				or half dozen Silver Plated Forks, worth - - -	7.00
				or a Universal Clothes Wringer, worth - - -	10.00
				or a Silver Plated Castor, worth - - -	10.00
No. 3.	For 10 subscribers at	$2.50	apiece—	a Silver Plated Cake Basket, worth - - -	12.00
				or a Silver Plated Ice Pitcher, worth - - -	12.00
" 4.	For 12 " "	2.50	"	a Doty's Washing Machine, worth - - -	14.00
" 5.	For 16 " "	2.50	"	a Fine Silver Watch, worth - - - -	20.00
" 6.	For 20 " "	2.50	"	a Fine Double Barrel Gun, worth - - -	25.00
" 7.	For 24 " "	2.50	"	a Fine Silver Watch, worth - - - -	30.00
" 8.	For 28 " "	2.50	"	an Allen's Patent Breech Loading Rifle, worth - -	35.00
" 9.	For 30 " "	2.50	"	a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, worth - -	50.00
" 10.	For 40 " "	2.50	"	a Silver Plated Tea Set, (excluding Coffee Pot, worth -	50.00
" 11.	For 50 " "	2.50	"	a Lady's Fine Gold Watch, worth - - - -	75.00
" 12.	For 60 " "	2.50	"	Appleton's American Cyclopædia, 16 vols., worth - -	60.00
" 13.	For 70 " "	2.50	"	one of Carhart & Needham's Melodeons (4 octaves) worth	70.00
" 14.	For 75 " "	2.50	"	one of Carhart & Needham's Melodeons (5 octaves) worth	110.00
" 15.	For 75 " "	2.50	"	one of Carhart & Needham's Parlor Organs (4 octaves), worth - - - - - - - -	110.00
" 16.	For 200 " "	2.50	"	one of Carhart & Needham's Church Organ Harmoniums (5 octaves), worth - - - -	200.00

REMARKS.

Everything offered in the above list, is guaranteed to be the best of its kind for the price. The valuation is simply the usual retail price of the article in Philadelphia and New York. By reason of purchasing at the best sources, and at wholesale prices, and giving advertising in return, we are enabled to offer these splendid inducements. Our only object is to increase our circulation—giving those who help us to do this, the benefit of the Premiums.

☞ The lists may be made up for The Post exclusively, or for The Lady's Friend exclusively, or partly for one and partly the other, as is desired.

☞ REMEMBER—each subscriber is to receive, *in addition to his magazine or paper*, a copy of the large and beautiful Premium Steel Engraving, "ONE OF LIFE'S HAPPY HOURS." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they send one dollar extra for it.

The Canvasser for a Premium list would do well to take with him a copy of THE POST, a copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND, and one of the Premium Engraving. He can get these, either by subscribing for the paper or magazine for a year, or by inclosing us *one dollar*, for which sum we will send a copy of all three to those desirous of making up lists, but to these only. The magazine and paper, without the engraving, will be sent for twenty cents.

Both old and *new* subscribers may be counted in the lists.

The articles will be sent by express, or as ordered. Nothing will be charged for packing or boxing. The Freight, however, must be paid by the receiver of the Premium.

Subscriptions should be remitted as fast as obtained, that the subscribers may receive their papers, magazines and engravings at once.

THE PREMIUMS.

No. 1. The Propeller Pencil is made of Gutta Percha, with 16 carat gold mounting, finely chased. It is both useful and handsome.

No. 2. The Silver Plated Spoons, and Forks, and Castors are of the first quality, heavily plated on good white metal. The pattern is good, and they are the workmanship of one of the best makers. The castors contain six cut glass bottles, and are revolving.

The Universal Clothes Wringer is, we think, the best of its kind. We have it in constant use ourselves, and no family should be without it. It saves work, preserves the clothes, and can be readily adjusted upon any form of tub. We offer the family size, provided with *Cogs*, which make the rollers turn together, and which we consider essential to prevent injury to the fabrics, loosening of the rubber, &c.

No. 3. The Silver Plated Cake Basket and Ice Pitcher, are excellent goods and pretty patterns. The Cake Basket may be ordered round or oval, as desired.

No. 4. This Washing Machine is very highly recommended by those who have used it.

No. 5. This is a Silver Lever Watch in a hunting (or closed) case, with good works.

No. 6. Is a Twist Double Barrel Gun, Patent Breech, finely finished—an excellent article.

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THE OLD BOOK-KEEPER.

It was an ancient book-keeper,
And he was tall and slim;
Though his face was mild he rarely smiled,
His clothes were dark and prim;
And everything about his desk
He kept exceeding trim.

He always hung his hat and coat
Upon the self-same hooks,
And laid his rulers, pens and ink
In their respective nooks;
And the only exercise he had
Was footing up his books.

Each day, upon the self-same hour,
He took his lofty seat,
And bent his body and his mind,
His labors to complete;
And blots were neither on his fame
Nor on his ledger sheet.

The music of his pen was heard
From morn till eventide;
Up columns vast his eyes were cast,
Then down again with pride;
Quite pleased was he, though he saw his work
Increased and multiplied.

The cash that o'er his fingers came
Each day, was something grand;
And yet no scheme to bear it off,
By him was ever planned;
Although you saw with half an eye
That he wrote a "sloping" hand.

He had no wife, he made no friends,
His joys and cares were few;
And his dearest hope from day to day
Was to keep his balance true;
A good world this, if every man
The latter thing would do.

He never sighed when little ills
His way of life would cross;
And o'er the errors of his youth
He showed no vain remorse;
But he set down all that came along
To profit or to loss.

One day the creditor of all
Dropped in for his amount;
He found the old man at his post,
Though low ran Nature's fount;
The books were closed, and he was borne
Up to his last account.

Student Life in Germany.

Mr. G. M. Towle, U. S. Consul at Nantes, contributes to *Hours at Home* a pleasant sketch of "Student Life in Germany," as seen in Heidelberg, from which we make some selections:—

THE STUDENTS.

The well-fed, indolent, sauntering, German "boy," awakens interest as soon as one sees him, his manner, and dress are so entirely in contrast with our American undergraduates. Let me describe, as nearly as I can, the German student as he appears to stranger eyes—one of a straggling group, sauntering up High street. He is large built, rather stout, and very heavy, both in countenance and gait; his face is large and square, with an expression indicative of good living and much beer; his hair, of a dullish brown color, is cropped closely to the head; upon one side of the skull rests a small, round cap, richly embroidered in gold or silver cord and vari-colored, attached to the head by a small elastic behind—this the cap of the society to which the student belongs; a square and plump body, with short, thick arms, and large hands and feet; enveloped usually in a frock, inexpressibles of the most fashionable color and cut, and high, heavy boots, apparent to the knees; upon his face many scars and little strips of plaster crossing each other—badges of honor these, won in the famous duels of which I shall speak in another paper; in his mouth a long pipe of porcelain, upon which is depicted some super-graceful beauty, a society device, or a representation of the grand old castle, rearing itself above the town, the stem of a shape like a swan's neck, and a bowl of large capacity; in his hand a small cane, or rather stick, for it is too short to be used as a cane, with some fanciful oddity as a handle; and by his side, running anon between his heels, a small, blear-eyed, enormous-headed, blood-thirsty looking bulldog, dearer to his master than women, pipe, I had almost said beer; a sort of lazy swagger in his gait, a usually good-humored expression, a very loud laugh, a want of care in the toilet, and a *tout ensemble* which indicates a life of indolence and pleasure. There are, to be sure, studious-looking men, abstemious men, quick, active men, and men whose dress betrays a limited purse, and whose solitude betokens their ostracism from the convivial student clubs, and the bonds which bind large circles of friends. But I have described the common type of the German student, as far as externals go, the student who goes to the University with competent means, and follows his native, and the fashionable inclination.

REDEEMING TRAITS.

That the acquaintance of these pleasure-loving students is easily made I soon found out; and I discovered much that was admirable and suggestive in their manners and habits, upon a closer observation. Many of them spoke English after a fashion, all of them were good French linguists. There was, amid much bluntness and peculiarity of manner, a sort of chivalrous tone of feeling which was quite captivating. Their courtesy, which was addressed no less to each other than to a stranger, partook of that refinement which is to be found in ever part of continental Europe, and which is by no means confined to the purlieus of royal and imperial courts. There is with them that *suaviter in modo* which, for the time at least, leads one to forget the want of *fortiter in re*. The favorite amusements of the German students are essentially sedentary and indolent ones, especially when compared with those of English and American students. I do not know that there is any such thing as boat-racing, yachting, or punting at Heidelberg; if there is, I did not discover it.

BEER AND SENTIMENT.

The typical German student is a singular compound of sentiment and sensuality. One has only to be among them a day to discover that they possess a most romantic attachment to the "Fatherland;" it is as easy to see how equally strong is the propensity to drink beer. There are patriotic songs you are never done hearing; patriotic toasts are drunk and drunk again at every carousal, festivity, and college meeting; the night is wasted by patriotic speeches; every man who is not brimful of patriotic fervor is proscribed, and to listen to these burly youths, you would think that the sole aspirations of their lives, the sole object of their education, was to unite in a grand effort to consolidate and imperialize Germany, to restore once more the iron crown to the Christian successors of the Cæsars. Of late, indeed, there has been a furor among certain bodies of the students for a free, republican Germany, exhibited, at recent conventions, and causing some little disturbance among the petty princes who govern the universities; but the idea of the great majority is that which they have inherited—an idea born of tradition, seeking its strength in the memory of past glories.

CHIVALRY.

There is nothing so enchanting to the fancy of the German student as the old ideas of feudal chivalry. He would have the world believe that he is the inheritor and the representative of the race of knights who fought and died in the service of love, who held out in donjon keeps against overwhelming numbers, who followed Raymond of Toulouse to the breach of Jerusalem. He would be thought the champion of chivalric honor, the soul of chivalric valor. He disdains to strike a man with his fist—an affront, however slight, must be wiped out by the blood of his antagonist. To be sure, the blood may only be a little, forced by a mere scratch, but the code of chivalry is satisfied, and honor is maintained.

Among many ridiculous consequences of this self-flattering belief in chivalry, there are some which are to be commended. A German student is nearly always courteous, slow to give offence, although quick in resentment. A German student honors women, and there is something quite fascinating in the manner in which he approaches ladies of his own rank. His friendship is strong and faithful, he is usually sincere, and his word is to be taken with perfect trust.

GERMAN LANDLORDS.

No man is so grasping of money as a German Jew; my landlord sought every occasion to add to the bill of charges. Still one can trust a German enough not to fear theft, and to feel safe from glaring imposition. The cost of living in Rhenish Germany, as is well known, is quite trifling, conmparing it with American prices. My rooms cost five guldens a fortnight—about two dollars of our money. As the custom was, my breakfast was brought to me while in bed, and consisted of a long roll of bread, a bowl of coffee (and excellent coffee it was,) and now and then a small steak, or a slice of ham. This meal cost fom six to eight cents per day. Dinner at a very good students' boarding-club, with delicious amber-colored wine of Rhine, added to the expenditure another gulden (forty cents) daily. It was customary, about five or six in the evening, to take a cup of coffee or chocolate with a little bread, at a restaurant, and this (if indeed it were called a meal at all) was the final meal of the day. The whole cost of living, for one who lived well but with respectable moderation, amounted to about $2.50 a week, or $130 a year, a rate which will make the undergraduates of Yale and Harvard stare with astonishment. The college fees are about $9 a year, and I was told that the average annual expenditure of a student whose means were easy and habits not extravagant, was $300 to $400. This includes clothes, pocket-money, clubs, college suppers and recreations, fencing lessons, and in fact everything. Poor students who did not indulge in festivities, practiced a strict economy, and received some little aid from university funds, often brought their annual expenditure within the sum of one hundred dollars! And even this sum gave a margin for occasional beer-drinking and pipe supplies, without which necessities it is quite impossible to conceive a German student. And if we take these prices as comprising the expenses of students who live comfortably and dress respectably, it may be imagined how trifling must be the sum which supports a German peasant family who are supplied with food from their own little plot of ground. One is not surprised, then, that good help should be got in the provincial German towns for a dollar a month, that a delightful coach-ride may be had for fifteen cents, that the best operas may be heard, in comfortable seats and cozy theatres, for a price equally small.

Can Men Fly?

At the last meeting of the Aeronautical Society of Great Britain, the Duke of Argyle expressed the opinion that "if we ever obtain the power of travelling through the air, it will not be by the flight of individual men, but by the production of machines capable of containing a number of men, moved and sustained by themselves." In this opinion he is supported by several European and American balloonists. Mr. Wenham, an English aeronaut, contends that an attentive study of the modes of flying adopted by different birds must form the basis of sound aeronautic science; and a variety of recent experiments indicate that gas is not to be the lifting power of "the balloon of the future."

The boldest theory yet put forth is that of M. Nadar, the French aeronaut. Nader insists that "when he shall have determined upon doing so, man will fly like the bird," and that the more powerful the apparatus employed for mechanical flight the lighter relatively will it become—in other words, the principle of aerial navigation is that the machine employed for the purpose shall be heavier than the air. He cites, as an illustration of his theory, the bold flight of the eagle, which soars to great heights "by the reason of the great width of its wings, which are in proportion to the weight of its body," and contrasts it with the timid flight of a sparrow or a pigeon thrown from a balloon at an elevation of some hundreds of yards. "Throw the bird out," he says, "and you will see it either fall like lead, or turn over and over, till, in its descent, it reaches the denser portion of the atmosphere, where its small size permits it to sustain itself and to re-employ its ordinary movement." All the flyers, properly so called, he adds, are the largest, the thickest, and consequently the heaviest.

Nadar has been severely snubbed by the French Academy for what is regarded as his impracticable theorising; but he returns the hard knocks he has received with interest, and is evidently full of confidence in his own powers. "Who would be bold enough to swear," he asks, "in this age of scientific miracles, that man's weight ('the eternal obstacle to the flight of man,' by order of the Academy,) will not be the very weight turned to account by man himself as his primary motive power for raising himself in the air?"

Who indeed? The idea of crossing the Atlantic by steam was ridiculed, the telegraph filled men with amazement, and the laying of a cable under the ocean was pronounced an impossibility—but all these have been done. The new cable may work, and M. Nadar may fly, and the result would be as remarkable as other scientific solutions of difficult problems.

BY THE RIVER.

The sunshine quivered on the quivering poplars,
That grow beside the stream;
And over the distant hills there seemed a glory,
A gold and purple gleam;
And I know
That even in the March wind there was music,
And in the river's flow.

I love to hear the sighing of the water,
To mark its green depths shine;
But more I loved two brown eyes, calm and tender,
A dear hand clasped in mine;
For I know
I thought that love would last forever, changeless,
Though rivers ceased to flow.

Gone is the sunshine from the quivering poplars,
The glory from the land;
Gone the brown eyes that made the sunshine brighter,
And gone the clasping hand:
And I know
My tears are like the river—ah, the river!
That cannot cease to flow.

The Catskill Mountains.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

We take the following extract, descriptive of the Catskill Mountains, from Washington Irving's recently published posthumous work, entitled the "Spanish Papers:"

"My whole voyage up the Hudson was full of wonder and romance. I was a lively boy, somewhat imaginative, of easy faith, and prone to relish everything that partook of the marvellous. Among the passengers on board of the sloop was a veteran Indian trader, on his way to the lakes to traffic with the natives. He had discovered my propensity, and amused himself throughout the voyage by telling me Indian legends and grotesque stories about every noted place on the river—such as Spuyten Devil Creek, the Tappan Sea, the Devil's Dans Kammer, and other hobgoblin places.

"The Catskill Mountains, especially, called forth a host of fanciful traditions. We were all day slowly tiding along in sight of them, so that he had full time to weave his whimsical narratives. In these mountains, he told me, according to Indian belief, was kept the great treasury of storm and sunshine for the region of the Hudson. An old squaw spirit had charge of it, who dwelt on the highest peak of the mountain. Here she kept Day and Night shut up in her wigwam, letting out only one of them at a time. She made new moons every month, and hung them up in the sky, cutting up the old ones into stars. The great Manitou, or master-spirit, employed her to manufacture clouds; sometimes she wove them out of cobwebs, gossamers and morning dew, and sent them off, flake after flake, to float in the air and give light summer showers. Sometimes she would brew up black thunder storms and send down drenching rains to swell the streams and sweep everything away.

"He had many stories, also, about mischievous spirits who infested the mountains in the shape of animals, and played all kinds of pranks upon Indian hunters, decoying them into quagmires and morasses, or to the brinks of torrents and precipices. All these were doled out to me as I lay on the deck throughout a long summer's day, gazing upon these mountains, the ever-changing shapes and hues which appeared to realize the magical influences in question. Sometimes they seemed to approach; at others to recede; during the heat of the day they almost melted into a sultry haze; as the day declined they deepened in tone; their summits were brightened by the last rays of the sun, and later in the evening their whole outline was printed in deep purple against an amber sky. As I beheld them thus shifting continually before my eye, and listened to the marvellous legends of the trader, a host of fanciful notions concerning them was conjured into my brain, which have haunted it ever since.

"As to the Indian superstitions concerning the treasury of storms and sunshine, and the clouds weaving spirits, they may have been suggested by the atmospherical phenomena of these mountains, the clouds which gather round their summits, and the thousand aerial effects which indicate the changes of weather over a great extent of country. They are epitomes of our variable climate, and are stamped with all its vicissitudes. And here let me say a word in favor of those vicissitudes which are too often made the subject of exclusive repining. If they annoy us occasionally by changes from hot to cold, from wet to dry, they give us one of the most beautiful climates in the world. They give us the brilliant sunshine of the south of Europe, with the fresh verdure of the north. They float our summer sky with clouds of gorgeous tints or fleecy whiteness, and send down cooling showers to refresh the panting earth and keep it green. Our seasons are all poetical; the phenomena of our heavens are full of sublimity and beauty. Winter with us has none of its proverbial gloom. It may have its howling winds and thrilling frosts and whirling snow storms; but it has also its long intervals of cloudless sunshine, when the snow-clad earth gives redoubled brightness to the day, when at night the stars beam with intensest lustre, or the moon floods the whole landscape with her most limpid radiance; and then the joyous outbreak of our spring, bursting at once into leaf and blossom, redundant with vegetation and vociferous with life! And the splendors of our summer—its morning voluptuousness and evening glory; its airy palaces of sun-gilt clouds, piled up in a deep azure sky, and its gusts of tempest of almost tropical grandeur, when the forked lightning and the bellowing thunder volley from the battlements of heaven and shake the sultry atmosphere—and the sublime melancholy of our autumn, magnificent in its decay, withering down the pomp and pride of a woodland country, yet reflecting back from its yellow forests the golden serenity of the sky!—surely we may say that, in our climate, 'the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth forth His handiwork: day unto day uttereth speech; and night unto night showeth knowledge.'"

A Woman's Love.

"A woman's love! Bah! it is as evanescent as a snow-flake, and about as warm! Whoever heard of a woman dying for the man she loved, except in stories where such a circumstance merely existed in the writer's own silly brain? Look at those women in there, Ralph! Do you suppose their thoughts ever rise above the furbelows on their heads? Humph! That is their seventh heaven!" Will Harks's lips curled scornfully as he looked in at the open window on a gay, laughing, chatty party of the sex he was abusing. Will Harks was a crusty old bachelor, fair reader, as you might know, for none but a sour, narrow-minded specimen of that order, or a chicken-hearted, henpecked husband would have made the above assertions.

"Hush!" Ralph Leland laid his hand on Will's arm, and looked sternly into the surprised face of his friend. Then raising his great, dark eyes, he looked in at the long French window, with its silken draperies and rich lace. His eyes rested on a slight, little body, half reclining on the crimson velvet cushion of a sofa, her face lit up with a bright smile as she listened to some merry tale or other. Brown eyes and hair, a sweet witching little mouth—no wonder the gray eyes grew dark and tender as they gazed on the beautiful picture. One little white hand was caressing the great Newfoundland dog that sat by her side, the other was resting in a silken sash. Poor, little withered hand! its work was over. We will listen to its story.

"Will, do you see her—my wife? I will tell you of a woman's love—her love! You will take back your hasty words when you hear it. You remember when we were married, and how soon I enlisted after that had taken place? Well, it was our first quarrel that sent me away. Don't shrug your shoulders, and smile in that sarcastic way, but hear my story. It was about such a silly, frivolous thing, I will not mention it. But you know my proud, stern temper, and Effie in there was the most wilful, obstinate, and tantalizing little piece that ever breathed. She would have died rather than relinquish anything she had set her heart on, and I—Will, I should have borne with her—she was but a child—scarce eighteen when I married her.

"I was very stern and cold with her. I thought she would grow tired, and come back to my arms again; but I was wrong. The child grew pale and thin, but she wouldn't unbend from her stately dignity. Oh, we lived along in such a miserable way, and just then I was offered a captaincy in the —th volunteers, and in a fit of desperation I accepted it. I said nothing to Effie, but she found it out someway. I saw it in her eyes, and yet the little white teeth were shut firmly together, as though they would never open to speak loving words to me again. The morning I was to start I sought her out, thinking 'she will not—cannot let me go without one word of peace between us!' Her face was white and cold, her small hands were clenched together so tight the nails pierced her tender flesh, but she bowed coldly to me, and I returned it—that was our parting! In my cruel selfishness and conceit, I never thought that I was to blame; that if I would open my arms, she would fly back to her resting-place. My poor little bird! I went away the most wretched being on the face of the earth, and vowed that if Death did not find me in my first battle, it would not be my fault.

"We had been in camp only a few weeks when a lot of recruits arrived to fill out our company, as fine a set of fellows as I ever saw. Among them I noticed a frail, girlish-looking boy, with great, soft brown eyes, that drooped like a girl's when you looked at them. Somehow they made me think of Effie's eyes. That was why I took such a fancy to him, I think. His face looked pure and innocent, as if it had never been away from a mother's loving care before, and I thought, 'What will this sensitive spirit do among these rough men? I will take him into my own tent and care for him as for a brother.' I sent for him that night, and finding him well educated, I told him I would keep him as my clerk. 'He should be my tent-mate,' I said, smiling. He crimsoned, and finding my gaze embarrassed him, I went on talking carelessly, and found his name was Ellis Lee. He would tell me no more of his history.

"From that time he was always with me, and I grew to love the boy as though he belonged to me. He won all the men's hearts by his gentle, timid ways, and they never were rude or rough when he was near, but grew gentle as they would in their far-off homes in the presence of mothers and sisters. He would share every danger with me, and sometimes when I refused to let him go, he would look at me defiantly and say, 'I dare not keep him from his duty!' And I did not.

"At night when we were out scouting, and lay under the sky, the cold, pitiless rain beating on our heads, I have gathered the form of Ellis up in my arms and tried to shield him from the storm. I have gone to sleep, and dreamed sweet, tantalizing dreams of my darling, and woke to find his head nestled in my bosom, just as Effie's used to. All this while there was no word from her. I had waited till my heart seemed breaking; then I had written, but no answer came. Oh, the dark despair of those days! I think I should have died if it had not been for my boy. When he saw my head bent in agony, he would come and lay his hand on it caressingly, while such a strange look would creep into his eyes, I could not fathom them.

"One day we were surprised, and a fierce battle ensued. There was sharp, quick work, and through it all my little soldier kept by my side manfully. I had ordered him to the rear, but I hardly think he heard me. We routed the enemy, but not before many of my brave boys had bit the dust. Ellis and I were unscathed. We were walking among the killed and wounded, when my attention was called away by an orderly. I heard a little low cry, and Ellis sprang forward between a ball and my heart. A wounded man lying near had raised himself on his elbow, and fired the shot. I caught the boy in my arms—his head fell back. A beautiful smile crept over his face, while his lips murmured, 'My husband!' Then I knew I was holding the lifeless form of my wife, who had died for me perhaps—I, so worthless, so harsh and cruel to her! Thank God she was spared to me! You see that poor useless arm, Will? That is what she gave for my life that day. With all the pain and suffering she has had with it, there has never a murmur crossed her lips. O my wife! my darling! Eternity is hardly long enough for me to recompense your love!"

Ralph Leland's face was lit up by the beautiful light of worship as the fairy form stole out to his side in the moonlight, and looked wonderingly at Will Harks's sober face. *That* gentleman bent his head down and sighed.

THE OLD CHIMNEY-PLACE.

A stack of stones, a dingy wall,
O'er which the brambles cling and creep,
A path on which no shadows fall,
A door-step where long dock-leaves sleep,
A broken rafter in the grass,
A sunken hearth-stone, stained and cold,
Naught left but these, fair home, alas!
And the dear memories of old.

Around this hearth, this sacred place,
All humble household virtues grew,—
The grandsire's love, the maiden's grace,
The matron's instincts deep and true.
Here first sweet words were lisped; here broke
Life's morning dream, and yet more dear,
The love that life's best impulse woke,
Grew warmer, gentler, year by year.

How cheerful, while the storm without
Muffled the earth and iced the night,
The ruddy glow gushed laughing out
On merry groups and faces bright!
How chimed the crackling, freakish flame
With rosy mirth or thoughtful ease,
Or, may be, syllabled the name
Of one rocked o'er the stormy seas!

What fairy scenes, what golden lands,
What pageants of romantic pride,
In the weird deep of glowing brands,
Saw the fair boy, the dreamy-eyed;
Till, musing here, his spirit drew
Strong inspiration, and his years,
By Beauty's subtle nurture knew
The paths of Nature's inner spheres!

Here, as the swooning embers sent
A faint flush through the quiet gloom,
In the warm blush have lovers blent
The fragrance of their heart's fresh bloom;
And, veiling in soft-drooping eyes
Her tremulous joy, here blushed the bride;
Here, o'er pale forms in funeral guise,
Farewells from broken hearts were sighed.

This spot the pilgrim, 'neath strange skies,
Saw in his wayside dreams; here stood
Old friends with gladness in their eyes;
Here grew the beautiful and good—
Sweet friendship—faith serene and sure—
Manhood's strong purpose, warm and bold—
Courage to labor and endure,
And household feelings never cold.

Here leaning in the twilight dim,
All round me seems a haunted air;
I hear the old familiar hymn,
My heart goes upward in the prayer
That made the night so full of peace;
Kind lips are on my brow—my ear
Hums with sweet sounds—they faint—they cease,
And night o'er all broods calm and clear.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AT GRELLIER'S ALMSHOUSES.

A cheerless wintry morning, with a clouded sky, and a bitter northeast wind blowing shrilly through the denuded woods of Belair. But the discomfort outside served only to enhance the charming coziness of the bright little morning-room which owned Miss Spencelaugh for its mistress. There she sat, the most charming object in that room, in a low chair on one side of the glowing fire-place, her white dressing-robe falling in ample folds around her, and all the wealth of her raven hair, held only by a band of blue velvet, flowing loosely down her back. On the opposite side of the fire-place sat homely Jane Garrod, in strange contrast with this lovely vision. There was an expression of doubt and perplexity on the face of Frederica. She was thinking intently, her cheek resting on the tip of her forefinger, while her other hand held the Statement which had been drawn up by John English, and sent to her through Jane Garrod, and which she had just finished reading aloud. Each point had been verbally annotated by Jane as she read; and she was now thinking over the strange story which had thus singularly been brought to her knowledge, and as to the merits of which she was now called upon to decide.

"Your eyes are brighter, my bonny one, than when I saw you last," muttered Jane to herself, while waiting for Frederica to speak; "and your cheeks have got back some of the color they used to have in them when you were a girl. Whatever your trouble was, you have pulled bravely through it. There is one honest heart I know of that loves you fondly. Do you feel any faint feeble flutterings that way, I wonder? I think you do—I think you do."

"This is a very strange story, Jane," said Frederica at length, "and I really don't know what to think of it. It seems to bear the stamp of truth on every line, and yet some of its statements are almost incredible. The points that still want clearing up are many and difficult; and the whole affair is certainly rendered more complicated by the unaccountable disappearance of Mr. English. Even supposing him to have been suddenly called away, I cannot understand why he has not written to you since his departure."

"There's some treachery at work in the matter, Miss Frederica, you take my word for it," said Jane with energy.

"I have once or twice had the same thought myself; but then you tell me that you have ascertained that Mr. English did really quit Pevsey Bay by a certain train, having taken a ticket for London."

"Just so," said Jane. "Still, I am none the less certain that some treachery has been at work. He may have been enticed away by a false message, and be neither able to write nor come back. Oh, Miss Frederica, darling, something must be done, and that at once!"

"I feel with you, nurse, that something must be done. The truth or falsehood of this Statement must be proved. If what is here put down be true, then has a foul and hideous wrong been done, and the sooner it is brought to light, and the perpetrators of it punished, the better it will be for all of us. If, on the contrary, it be nothing but an ingeniously woven web of lies, then the writer of it—"

"But it is not a web of lies, Miss Frederica, but gospel truth every word of it," burst in Jane vehemently. "Think of the likeness—so strong that after twenty years it scared me as if I had seen a ghost. Think of the strange mark on his shoulder—the coiled snake holding the mystic lotos-flower in its mouth. Think over, one by one, the different things he has put down on that paper, and then you must be as firmly convinced as I am that he has not written a word more than the bare truth."

"You are letting your enthusiasm, and your liking for Mr. English, run away with your reason," said Frederica. "In the unexplained absence of that gentleman, and as he has appealed to me, I will, with Heaven's help, have this story sifted to the bottom, and so deal with it as I shall find it true or false!" Her cheeks were an added flush as she said these words; but in her eyes there was a solemn, almost melancholy light, as though she felt that the duty she had taken upon herself to perform would lead her perforce through dark and troubled waters, to a goal which as yet she discerned not at all.

"Spoken like my own brave darling!" said Jane admiringly. "We want nothing but the truth."

Frederica ran her eye over the Statement again. "It almost seems to me," she said, "that it would be better for me not to interfere personally in this matter at all, but to put it as it now stands into the hands of my lawyer, Mr. Penning, and leave him to test its value in whatever way he may deem advisable. And yet the interests involved in it are so peculiar, and there are those under this roof who would be so deeply compromised if what this narrative contains be true, that I cannot help feeling reluctant to let it pass out of my hands without at least giving one person whom it deeply concerns a knowledge of the case equal to my own, so that she may be prepared at the proper time to disprove its statements, should she ever be called upon to do so. Then, again, the story is such an incredible one, and there are so many weak points about it at present, that I question whether quiet, matter-of-fact Mr. Penning would not pooh-pooh it altogether, and smile compassionately upon me for allowing myself to put faith in so palpable an absurdity."

"Cannot some of those weak points be strengthened?" said Jane.

"How so?" said Frederica.

"Mr. English makes mention there of a room in which he was shut up before he was taken across the sea—of a room with barred windows, in which there was a hideous bed that frightened him into a fit one day. Now, there must have been such a room, Miss Frederica."

"There may have been such a room certainly, nurse; or it may have had an existence merely in the imagination of Mr. English. But even granting the room to have been a real one, what then? Where are we to find it?—and if found, in what way would it benefit our case?"

"Wait a bit, Miss Frederica, please," said Jane. "Besides what Mr. English has put down on that paper, he told me many little things that came into his memory, bit by bit, when we were talking together about his early life; and many a long talk about it we had. Among other things, he told me something more about that house with the barred windows, which would seem to show that he was shut up there for some time. Whenever he cried to be taken back to the place he had been brought from, and could not be quieted any other way, the people of the house used to take him down stairs, and hold him over a dark hole or well, in one of the lower rooms, into which they threatened to throw him unless he behaved better. The recollection of that horrible well had been impressed so strongly on his childish mind, that he could still recall the shudder with which long afterwards he would awake at night from a dream of being cast headlong into it. Now, there was something in all this that struck me in a way I cannot explain. I've been turning it over and over in my mind—churning it, like—ever since Mr. English told me about it; and it was only this very morning that the idea flashed all at once into my head that the house he spoke about could have been no other than White Grange, a lonely farmhouse among the hills, about a dozen miles from Kingsthorpe. You know, Miss Frederica, that I was brought up not many miles from there; and once, when I was a thin slip of a girl, my father, who was a miller, had occasion to go to White Grange on business, and he took me in the cart with him. Whether the windows had iron bars outside them or not, I can't just say; but I do recollect being shown in one of the outhouses a deep grim-looking well—they took off the wooden cover, so that I might see down into it—and very frightened I was, more particularly when they told me the story that was connected with it. It was said that more than a hundred years before that time, a traveller, who had lost his way, and had begged a night's shelter at the Grange, had been foully murdered, and his body thrown into the well; and never after that time would anybody touch a drop of the water that was drawn from it. The name of the family that lived at White Grange when I knew it was Sandyson, and they didn't bear an over-good name among us countryfolk: many queer things were whispered about them.—Now, supposing, Miss Frederica, that it was really White Grange where Mr. English was shut up as a child, mightn't it be worth our while just to inquire whether any of the family who lived there five-and-twenty years ago can now be found? and if they can be found, whether anything can be got from them as to such a child having been shut up there, and for what purpose? Would it not be worth our while to try this?"

Miss Spencelaugh agreed that it might, perhaps, be worth while to make such inquiries, but was doubtful as to their resulting in anything tangible. It was, however, ultimately decided that Jane should do what she could in the matter, and that no further steps should be taken until she had done so.

So Jane set about making cautious inquiries among her friends and neighbors through the country-side; which inquiries resulted in the discovery that the family that had occupied White Grange twenty years previously were, with one exception, either dead or gone abroad. That one exception was an old woman now residing in Grellier's almshouses at Eastringham. With this information, Jane went once more to Frederica; and next afternoon the Belair brougham was put into requisition, and the heiress and her humble companion were driven over to the place in question.

Grellier's gift to the poor of Eastringham—to twelve relicts of decayed tradesmen of the burgh—was a foundation of ancient date. It had been in existence for three centuries; but although it had waxed fat and plethoric upon the accumulated interest of its capital, and the increase of revenue derived from the advance in the value of its lands and tenements in different parts of the county, it had not yet seen its way clearly to substitute for the tumble-down, inconvenient old edifices in which so many generations of poor old women had breathed their last, a row of substantial modern-built cottages; nor to increase the scanty stipend doled out weekly to its ancient recipients, which, in these days, was hardly sufficient to keep body and soul together. But Grellier's charity had a governor and directors of its own; all gentlemen of wealth and standing; who met in the board-room twice a year, to audit the accounts, fill up vacancies, and discuss a choice luncheon from the *Royal Hotel*; and if they were satisfied with the state of Grellier's affairs, surely no one else had any right or reason to complain.

"I want Margaret Fennell. Can you tell me in which of these cottages I shall find her?" asked Frederica of an old crone who was airing herself feebly in the wintry sunshine.

The old woman put her hand to her eyes, and blinked weakly for a moment or two at the bright vision before her. "Margaret Fennell is it your Leddyship is axing for?" she said at last in a thin quavering voice. "There is no such body living here.—Stay a bit, though," she added, with a clutch of her thin brown hand at vacancy. "It's mebbe Owd Meg as your Leddyship is looking for. She lives, Owd Meg does, in the top house but two; and she's a cat, that's what she is, and everybody will tell you the same. The top house but two, your Leddyship. And does your Leddyship happen to have an ounce of tea or a bit of snuff in your pocket, to comfort a poor old body with? It's precious little of either we gets here. They take good care of that—that they do." Frederica had dropped some money into the old woman's hand almost before she had done speaking, and so left her, staring speechlessly at the bright silver coins in her skinny palm.

The "top house but two" looked, if possible, more ruinous and unfit for a human being to live in than any of its neighbors, except that it was clean both inside and out, as, indeed, were all the almshouses: the matron was very particular, and properly so, on the score of cleanliness; and had a tongue of her own, which she rattled about the ears of the feeble old dames to some purpose whenever she found anything that offended her nice sense of the virtue that comes next to godliness in her frequent rounds of "sniffling and prying," as her domiciliary visits were irreverently termed by the inmates.

Frederica knocked timidly at the heavy oaken door. "Why don't you come in, you imp—you devil! instead of knocking there? How many times do you want telling?" screamed a harsh, high-pitched voice from within. Frederica opened the door a few inches, and looking in, had a vision of an old woman smuggling a black bottle and a short black pipe rapidly out of sight. Looking again, she saw that this woman was very old, with a hook nose and a pointed chin, which nearly met; and with black eyes, that still retained something of their former bold bright look. Her long gray hair was without covering of any kind, and fell in a wild dishevelled mass over her shoulders. She was wrapped in an old woollen shawl of many faded colors; and when Frederica saw her first, was crouching over a meagre spark of fire, but rose suddenly as her visitor entered, displaying, as she did so, a form tall beyond the ordinary height of women.

"Beg your pardon, my pretty lady," she said; "but I thought it was that rapscallion of a baker's boy, who always will knock, and trail my poor bones across the floor to open the door for him. Yah! I'll break the bellows over his head next time he comes!" she added viciously. Then changing suddenly into a half-whining, half-caressing tone, she said: "Old Meg can guess what has brought those bright eyes here. Cross her hand with a bonny bit of yellow goold, and she'll tell the beautiful lady her fortune, as predicted by the stars, and confirmed by the changes of the cards, which cannot lie when shuffled by the hands of a wise woman. Cross my palm with a bonny bit of goold, and I'll tell you your fortune true!"

"You mistake the purpose which has brought me here," said Frederica with a smile. "I do not want my fortune told at present."

"Then what should bring a fine lady like you to such a hole as this?" said Meg suspiciously.

"I have come in search of certain information, which I believe you can supply me with."

"Me supply you with information? Nay, nay; you're mistaken there. What should a poor old woman like me know, unless it was the prices of butter and cheese, and such like; with, maybe, now and then a comforting text or two." Her face broadened into a wicked leer as she said these words. "Besides that," she added, "my memory's so bad that at times I can't recollect what happened the day before yesterday, let alone things years agone. Nay, nay, you'll get no information out of Old Meg."

Miss Spencelaugh in nowise daunted, advanced into the room, followed by Jane Garrod, and stood looking down for a moment or two at the miserable creature, who had sunk into her chair again, and drawn her shawl around her, and was cowering over the embers, taking no further heed of her visitors.

"Five-and-twenty years ago, if I am rightly informed," said Frederica, "you went to live with Job Sandyson as housekeeper at White Grange."

"Five—and—twen-ty years ago," muttered Meg slowly. "That's a long, long time to look back to. Well—maybe I did, and maybe I didn't—what then?"

"One-and-twenty years ago—try to carry your mind back to that time—a child, a boy about five years old, who belonged in no way to any one living in the house, was taken to White Grange, and after being shut up there for several weeks in one of the upper rooms—a room with barred windows—was fetched away after dark, one night, by a man and two women."

"A lame man and one woman!" screamed the hag. "I allus said we should hear of it; I told Nance so a dozen times; and my words have come true after all these years!"

"Then you do recollect the circumstance I mention?" said Frederica eagerly. In her statement respecting the child she had boldly hazarded a vague surmise as a fact, and she felt that her courage was about to be rewarded.

"Curses on this blabbing tongue of mine!" hissed Meg from between her toothless gums. "You mustn't mind an old woman's wanderings, my sweet miss," she added. "My head's a bit light at odd times, and then I fancy all sorts of rubbish."

"But I am certain that you can tell me what I want to know," said Frederica; "and I will pay you well for your information." With that she took out her purse, and counted five sovereigns, one after another, on the dirty little table. Meg's head came round with a twitch as the pleasant chink of the gold fell on her ear, while over her face there crept such an expression of mingled greed, cunning, and fiendish malignity, as caused Frederica to draw back in horror. "There are five sovereigns for you," said Miss Spencelaugh with a shudder; "and you shall have five more if you answer my questions truthfully."

Meg's brown skinny arm and thin, cramped fingers came suddenly out from the folds of her shawl, and pounced on the gold as savagely as though it were some living thing for whose heart's blood she was hungering. A moment or two she gazed at the bright yellow pieces in her open palm, and then she spat on them. "That's for luck," she muttered. Then producing a dirty bit of rag from some mysterious pocket, she folded the sovereigns carefully in it, and deftly smuggled the package out of sight among her tattered habiliments. "Remember, five more before you go away," she said in an eager whisper.

"I shall keep my promise," said Frederica.

"Then ax me what you like, and I'll answer you as far as I know the truth."

"You remember a child being brought to the White Grange twenty-one years ago?"

"Ay, I remember."

"Whose child was it, and what was its name?"

"I dun know."

"Who took it to White Grange?"

"Mrs. Winch, landlady of the *Hand and Dagger* at Normanford."

"Who fetched it away?"

"Mrs. Winch and her brother the lame doctor—Kruff or Kreefe was his name."

"How long was the child kept at White Grange?"

"For six weeks."

"Was he kept locked up all that time?"

"Yes, all that time, in the strong room at the top of the house. Once he screamed himself into a fit, and we had hard work to get him round again. Once or twice, when he was in his tantrums—crying to be let out and taken back home—Old Job, he took him down stairs, and taking the lid off the well, threatened to pitch him headfust in, and so frightened him into being quiet for a while."

"Describe the appearance of the child, as far as your memory will serve to do so."

"He was as handsome a lad as ever I see, with black hair and a devil of a temper."

"You say that he was fetched away by Dr. Kreefe and his sister?"

"Ay, they came for him one dark night. They had a little covered cart waiting just outside the gate; and they put the lad into it, and drove away with him; and I've never clapt eyes on him from that day to this."

"You are positive that you know nothing as to the child's name or parentage?"

"Nothing at all—I'll take my oath," said Meg emphatically. "Old Job Sandyson, he knew who the child belonged to; and Jim Billings, he knew; but neither my girl Nance nor me was ever told. Old Job gave Nance and me two sovereigns apiece the day after the lad was taken away, and told us never to say a word, or he'd twist our necks for us; and he would have done it as soon as look at us."

"Job Sandyson has been dead many years, I am told," said Frederica; "but who was Jim Billings? and how did you become aware that he knew anything respecting the child?"

"Jim was a footman at Belair at that time, and was courting my Nance; and she, soft like, as all wenches are when they're in love, let out everything to him about the lad, and asked him whose child he thought it was. Jim laughed at her, and called her a young fool, and said he knew well enow whose child it was, and all about it; but that he wasn't going to tell her or anybody else, because it was a secret, and he meant to make a lot of money out of it."

"And what became of this man? Did he marry your daughter?"

"Not him," said Meg. "He got into trouble soon after that—was mixed up in some way with a robbery—and got twenty years across the herring-pond. Nance went to see him when he was in the stone-jug, and didn't forget to ask him about the child—you see, we thought we might as well make a bit of money by the secret, now he was going away. But do what Nance would, she couldn't get him to split. 'The secret will keep,' said he. 'I shall be back before ten years are over, and then I shall make my fortune out of it.' But we never saw Jim Billings after that day; and whether he's alive or dead, I neither know nor care."

After a few more questions of minor importance, Frederica laid the remaining five sovereigns on the table, and rose to go.

"I shall call and see you another day, if you will let me," she said—"not about this matter, but about yourself. I want to see you with more comforts round you, and in a happier frame of mind than you are at present."

"Ay, ay, bless your sweet face, miss; I shall allus be glad to see you. But Meg has been a bad un all her life, and a bad un she'll die—yes, a bad un she'll die."

Jane Garrod, turning to look as she followed Frederica out of the room, saw Meg winking, and beckoning to her to go back and take a friendly dram out of the black bottle, which she had already brought from its hiding-place.

CHAPTER XXX.

A FRUITLESS VISIT.

On leaving Grellier's almshouses, Miss Spencelaugh drove into Normanford, and was set down at the *Hand and Dagger*. After hearing Old Meg's narrative, she at once decided to call upon Mrs. Winch. There was just a faint possibility, Frederica thought, that when the landlady learned how much was known to her already, she might see the uselessness of further concealment, and deem it best to make a full confession of her share in the abduction of the child. At all events, the chance was one worth trying. What she had just heard at Eastringham only served to confirm more fully her belief in the truth of John English's strange story. Having taken this matter in hand, she was determined to go through with it, happen what might.

It was the slack time of the day at the *Hand and Dagger*, and Mrs. Winch was seated at work in her own little room. She rose in some confusion as Frederica was ushered in, and a dark frown passed like a spasm over her face; but she recovered herself immediately. "This is indeed an honor, Miss Spencelaugh," she said, with a respectful courtesy. "I sincerely trust that Sir Philip is no worse; and her Ladyship—I hope that she is quite well.—Maria, a chair for Miss Spencelaugh.—Will you allow me to offer you a glass of sherry and a biscuit?"

Frederica declined the refreshment, but accepted the chair. She had come in alone, leaving Jane Garrod in the brougham. She was perplexed in what way to begin what she wanted to say. She felt, rather than saw, the landlady's cold inquisitive eyes fixed upon her; and perceived more clearly than she had hitherto done the difficulties of the task before her. She would

have felt more reassured could she have known how timidly the widow's usually fearless heart was beating—could she have known what gnawing anxiety, what haunting fears, were at work behind that pale, colorless face, intent on nothing more important just then, as it seemed, than the neat folding up of a piece of embroidery, the completion of which Miss Spenceclaugh's arrival had delayed.

"You are, I believe," said Frederica, "acquainted with a gentleman of the name of Mr. John English?"

"Mr. English? O yes, I know him very well," said the landlady with a ready smile. "He slept here two nights on his first arrival at Normanford; and a more affable, pleasant-spoken gentleman I don't know anywhere."

"Mr. English had, I believe, on one occasion, some conversation with you on a rather peculiar topic. I daresay you know to what I allude."

"Pardon my stupidity, but really I do not," said the widow as cool as an icicle. "Mr. English and I had many conversations together. Will you oblige me by giving me more precise details as to the topic in question?"

Frederica flushed slightly. There was a lurking defiance in the widow's manner of saying these words that chafed her. "Mr. English spoke to you on one occasion respecting a child," she said, with that cold metallic ring in her voice which was never heard except when her pride was touched—"a child who was taken to America by your brother, Dr. Kreefe, and his wife. You, Mrs. Winch, were by when the child was put on board ship. Mr. English asked you the child's name; and to whom it belonged; and I am here to-day to ask you the same question."

"Oh," said the widow with a little shrug, "is that all? What a trifling matter to need so elaborate a preface! I answered Mr. English's question, as I now answer yours, Miss Spenceclaugh. The child belonged to a friend of my brother, who had emigrated about a year previously, and Jeremiah agreed to take him out to rejoin his parents at New York. The circumstance was such a trivial one that I had really forgotten it till Mr. English recalled it to my recollection. Mr. English was quite satisfied with my explanation, and I am certainly at a loss to understand why so great a lady as Miss Spenceclaugh should—"

"Stop one moment, if you please," said Frederica coldly. "Mr. English was not satisfied with your explanation, otherwise I should not be here to-day. Do you mean to assert positively, Mrs. Winch, that you know nothing more respecting the child who was taken by your brother and his wife to America than you have just now told me?"

"I do assert so, most positively."

"And yet it was this very child, Mrs. Winch, who was taken by you to White Grange; and after being locked up there for six weeks, was fetched away surreptitiously after nightfall by yourself and your brother! And yet you tell me that you do not know its name!"

The widow's pale face grew a shade paler as Frederica spoke, and an evil look came into her eyes.

"Where did you learn all that?" she exclaimed. "A lie! a lie! every word of it, I tell you. And even if it were true, which I deny that it is, what right have you, or any other person, to come prying into my private affairs? I will not be questioned thus about matters that concern myself alone. You have got my answer—I know nothing about the child; and if you question me till doomsday, I have none other to give."

"Take care!" said Frederica gravely as she rose from her seat. "The net is closing round you slowly but surely; the links of the chain are being forged one by one, and but few are wanting now. Be warned in time. Reveal everything, and so save yourself while you can yet do so. Soon it will be too late."

"Go, go!" said the widow in a hoarse whisper, with one hand pressed to her heart, while the other pointed to the door. "Go, before I I do myself or you an injury. You presume on your position, Miss Spenceclaugh, to come and insult me in my own house. But I can bear it no longer. Go!"

Frederica bowed her head, and drew her veil over her face, and passed out slowly without another word.

"Who told her about White Grange, I wonder?" said the widow to herself as soon as the door was closed behind her visitor. "Why, who could tell her but old Meg Fennell! There's no one else left alive that knows of it. To think that the old witch should tell, after keeping the secret so faithfully all these years! But she would sell her own soul for gold. I thought I had buried her alive, put her out of the way of being found by anybody, when I got her into the almshouses at Eastringham. But though they've found out all about White Grange, they've yet to prove who the child was that was taken there; and who is there now living that could tell them that, except her Ladyship and myself? And even if, by some miracle, they got to know it, and the worst came to the worst, why, even in that case, we should have nothing really to fear. Ah! Miss Frederica, dear, it is plain to see who has won your proud heart at last; but you little dream at the end of your search you will find yourself in the arms of a skeleton." There was something diabolical in the laugh with which the widow ended these words. She then took a purse from her pocket, which she proceeded to open, and drew from it a piece of paper folded up into a very small compass, which she opened and smoothed out very carefully. It was a telegram, and the information it conveyed was comprised in one short line. A triumphant smile lighted up the widow's pale face as she read it. "So ends the tragedy," she said. "The heroine may weep for her hero, but he will never come back again; his is the sleep that knows no waking. I will go up to Belair after dusk this evening, and show this paper to my Lady. What a weary load it will lift off her heart!" She carefully refolded the telegram, and put it away in her purse. "Poor young gentleman!" she murmured. "How kindly, and brave, and handsome he was! He deserved a better fate. Maria, bring me a small glass of cognac."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Henry Giles, the eloquent lecturer, who is prostrated by chronic sickness, is supported by the reading of his lectures by Mr. F. J. Nicholls, a skillful elocutionist, who is now performing this work of benevolence in the Eastern States. His address is at the office of the Christian Register, at Boston.

☞ A Western editor lately married one of his compositors, another compositor acting as bridesmaid, the officiating clergyman being a retired printer, and the local editor giving the bride away.

Glimpses of Eminent Persons.

BY MISS LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

JEAN INGELOW.

"Will you come and call on Jean Ingelow?" said my hostess, one fine day.

Of course I would; so away we went along a shady lane, with the old oaks of Holland Park on one side and the ivy-covered walls of Aubury House on the other; for, though a part of London, Notting Hill is rich in gardens, lawns, and parks, such as one sees only in England. Our way led us by Kensington Palace, the residences of Addison, the Duke of Argyle, Macaulay, and, better than all the rest to me, the house of Thackeray. A low, long brick house, covered with ivy to the chimney-top; a sunny bit of lawn in front, trees and flowers all about; and, though no longer haunted by the genial presence of its former master, this unpretending place is to many eyes more attractive than any palace in the land. I looked long and lovingly at it, feeling a strong desire to enter its hospitably open door, recalling with ever fresh delight the evening spent in listening to the lecture on Swift, long ago in America, and experiencing again the sense of heavy loss which came to me with the tidings that the novelist whom I most loved and admired would never write again. Leaving my tribute of affection and respect in a look, a smile, and a sigh, I gathered up a leaf of ivy as a relic, and went on my way.

Coming at last to a quiet street, where all the houses were gay with window-boxes full of flowers, we reached Miss Ingelow's. In the drawing-room we found the mother of the poetess, a truly beautiful old lady, in widow's cap and gown, with the sweetest, serenest face I ever saw. Two daughters sat with her, both older than I had fancied them to be, but both very attractive women. Eliza looked as if she wrote the poetry, Jean the prose,—for the former wore curls, had a delicate face, fine eyes, and that indescribable something which suggests genius; the latter was plain, rather stout, hair touched with grey, shy, yet cordial manners, and a clear, straightforward glance, which I liked so much that I forgave her on the spot for writing those dull stories.

Gerald Massey was with them, a dapper little man, with a large, fine head, and very un-English manners. Being oppressed with the "mountainous me," he rather bored the company with "my poems, my plans, and my publishers," till Miss Eliza politely devoted herself to him, leaving my friend to chat with the lovely old lady, and myself with Jean. Both being bashful, and both laboring under the delusion that it was proper to allude to each other's works, we tried to exchange a few compliments, blushed, hesitated, laughed, and wisely took refuge in a safer subject. Jean had been abroad; so we pleasantly compared notes, and I enjoyed the sound of her peculiarly musical voice, in which I seemed to hear the breezy rhythm of some of her charming songs. The ice which surrounds every English man and woman was beginning to melt, when Massey disturbed me to ask what was thought of his books in America. As I really had not the remotest idea, I said so; whereat he looked blank, and fell upon Longfellow, who seems to be the only one of our poets whom the English know or care much about. The conversation became general, and soon after it was necessary to leave, lest the safety of the nation should be endangered by overstepping the fixed limits of a morning call.

Later, I learned that Miss Ingelow was extremely conservative, and was very indignant when a petition for woman's right to vote was offered for her signature. A rampant radical told me this, and shook her handsome head pathetically over Jean's narrowness; but when I heard that once a week several poor souls dined comfortably in the pleasant home of the poetess, I forgave her conservatism, and regretted that an unconquerable aversion to dinner-parties made me decline her invitation.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Having an intense desire to see the author of "Adam Bede," we drove to the Priory one Sunday, hoping that a peep might be vouchsafed me. To my great disappointment, however, Mrs. Lewes was too feeble to see a stranger; so, while my friend went in for a moment, I was forced to content myself with admiring the laburnums and wisterias that fringed the garden walls with plumes of violet and gold, and wonder in which of the pleasant-looking rooms the last book had been written, for "Felix Holt" was just finished, and its author preparing to seek rest and health at the German baths. When Mrs. T——— returned, Mr. Lewes accompanied her, and, while he lingered a moment, I took a woman's look at him under cover of my veil. A small, plain man, with keen blue eyes, marks of suffering in his face, and charmingly courteous manners.

As we drove home I asserted my Yankee privilege of asking questions; and, as the facts I then learned are no secret, I repeat them here. Mr. Lewes, having forgiven and received back an unfaithful wife, cannot, according to the English law, obtain a divorce, although the wife has twice deserted him. Miss Evans is considered his wife, and called Mrs. Lewes by their friends, in spite of gossip and scandal. Owing to her peculiar position, Mrs. Lewes seldom goes into general society or sees strangers, though every one is anxious to meet her, and many of her warmest friends are among the wise and good. All whom I saw loved, respected, and defended her; some upon the plea that, if genius, like charity, covers a multitude of sins in men, why not in women? Others, that outsiders, knew so little of the sorrowful story that they cannot judge the case; and, though they may condemn the act, they can pity the actors, and heartily admire all that is admirable in the life and labor of either.

MISS CORBY.

As I sat peering over Gustave Dore's illustrations of Dante one morning, the door suddenly flew open, and in rolled an immensely stout lady, with skirts kilted up, a cane in her hand, a fly-away green bonnet on her head, and a loud laugh issuing from her lips, as she cast herself upon a sofa, exclaiming breathlessly:

"Me dear creature, if ye love me, a glass of sherry!"

The wine being ordered, I was called from my nook, and introduced to Miss Cobbe. I had imagined the author of Intuitive Morals to be a serious, severe lady, of the "Cornelia Blimber" school, and was much surprised to see this merry, witty, Falstaffian personage. For half an hour she entertained us with all manner of droll sayings, as full of sense as of humor, one minute talking earnestly and gravely on the suffrage question, which just then absorbed the circle in which I found myself, the next criticising an amateur poem in a way that convulsed her hearers, and in the middle of it jumping up to admire a picture, or trot about the room, enthusiastically applauding some welcome bit of news about "our petition." Cheery, sensible, kindly, and keen she seemed; and when she went away, talking hard till out of the gate, and vanishing with a hearty laugh, it was as if a great sunbeam had left the room, so genial and friendly was the impression she made. I saw her several times afterward, and always found her the same. Wherever she was, people gathered about her, as if she was a social fire, and every one seemed to find warmth and pleasure in the attractive circle which surrounded her. It was truly delightful to see a woman so useful, happy, wise, and beloved; and it confirmed still more my belief that single women are a valuable and honorable portion of the human race, in spite of the sneers at "old maids," and lamentations over their unhappy lot.

MISS GARRETT.

Another interesting spinster whom it was my good fortune to meet was the female doctor who is conquering prejudices as successfully in London as Drs. Blackwell and Zakrzewska are in New York and Boston. Hearing Miss Garrett announced at an evening party, I looked up, expecting to see an elderly person, but was agreeably disappointed when down the long drawing-room advanced a slender, golden-haired young lady, dressed with a taste which few English women possess. She could only stay a few minutes, as a patient was waiting for her; and it was curious to hear this girlish little creature in white silk talk of her practice, her office, and the daily work she did. Very simply and naturally she spoke of these things to her friend, and expressed such hearty love for her work, such confidence in its success, and such satisfaction in her daily increasing power to help and comfort, that, though I never met her again, I shall always remember with real pleasure this little glimpse of a woman who bravely took her life into her own hands, and, in spite of ridicule and opposition, dared to shape it as she would, and, so far, make of it a beautiful success.

MATILDA BLIND.

Under the blooming apple-boughs at Wimbledon I met the sister of Ferdinand Blind. A handsome, brilliant, Bettine-like girl, full of talent, energy and enthusiasm. The pet of Marzial, the friend of Browning, an ardent admirer of Goethe, and a hearty hater of Bismark. She approved of her brother's deed, considered him a martyr, and gloried in him as a hero, refusing to lament his death as others did, but taking pride in it with a stern sort of satisfaction, such as a Roman girl might have felt at some brave act of friend or lover. To me she was very charming on account of the many peculiarities to which others objected. Simple and frank as a child in manner, the wit and wisdom of her conversation struck one all the more strongly by the force of contrast, for she talked fluently and well on many subjects which few girls care even to hear of. Entirely unconscious of herself, she sat in the grass, idly pulling daisies, as she discussed Emerson, Carlyle, Kant, Goethe, English politics, and German wars, with a sense and spirit that amazed me and made other girls seem like pretty dolls beside an earnest woman, with heart and soul all alive to the great questions of the world.

On another occasion I met her in London, and enjoyed a lively argument between herself and three or four young barristers on the subject of poetry. They were sensible fellows, well read, in good training for argument, and as enthusiastic as it was possible for Englishmen to be on any purely ideal subject; yet Matilda Blind not only astonished, charmed, and out-argued them, but convinced them that there was something finer in poetry than they had ever suspected before, and unconsciously gave them a sample of a kind which can never be put into words. We were at dinner when she came in, but long after the dessert was over we still sat on, too astonished to care for lights, though summer twilight soon hid the faces of the disputants from one another. One by one the young men fell silent; and we sat in the dusk, listening to the girl's eloquent voice, as she repeated fine lines from Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Coleridge and Schiller, with a dramatic power that charmed us all. Whenever she paused, some one eagerly said, "Please go on;" and she did go on, illustrating her theme with marvellous skill and beauty, holding us till late into the evening, and causing the whole party to volunteer as an escort when she left.

It was a moonlight night, and I walked with her a part of the way home, answering her questions about America, and hearing some of her pranks, which were decidedly of the Bettine order. She liked the freedom of her own country better than England, and said she was continually shocking some excellent person by doing what she liked, regardless of the strict rules set down for the guidance of young ladies.

"I desired to visit Switzerland when more young than now," she said in her pretty broken English. "I took a friend to protect me, but we soon wearied of each other; I sent her home, and then I was greatly content. Ah, such adventures, all alone in a strange country; a girl, and so little! I spent my money, I lost my luggage, people thought me mad at home, and everything was so droll. Then I had a little fear, and was suddenly wise; I sent for money, and redeemed my luggage; I went home, and asked pardon for my prank. But it was fine, I liked it well, and I shall go again. My life often becomes heavy to me; but I make freedom for myself, and so endure it. Wait a little, it may yet come to some good; for I have gifts, if I can only learn to use them."

As she pressed my hand at parting with a strong, warm grasp, I could not doubt that the life of this richly-gifted girl *would* come to some good, and I hopefully wait to hear of Matilda Blind.—*Independent.*

☞ A Southern paper tells of a visit to a cave near Augusta, Georgia. While the party were investigating the gloomy interior, there was noticed an old colored man standing on the outside, and he was asked, "Say, uncle, why don't you go in?" "Ah, my master, said he, "de lord knows, I see trouble enough top of the earth, I don't go in dat hole a searching arter misery."

☞ If a continuous solid iron rail were laid from New York city to Albany, no amount of force applied at one end could move the other in less than one minute and a quarter, the time required for mechanical force to travel in iron that distance.

Artemus Ward in London.

MR. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR,

I was a little disapinted in not receivin a invitation to jine in the meetins of the Social Science Congress.

I don't exackly see how they got on without me.

I hope it wasn't the intentions of the Sciencers to exclood me from their deliberations.

Let it pass. I do not repine. Let us remember Homer. Twenty cities claim Homer dead, thro' which the livin Mr. Homer couldn't have got trusted for a sandwich and a glass of bitter beer, or words to that effeck.

But perhaps it was a oversight. Certainly I have been hospitably rec'd in this country. Hospitality has been pored all over me. At Liverpool I was asked to walk all over the docks, which are nine miles long; and I don't remember a instance since my 'rival in London of my gettin into a cab without a Briton comin and perlitely shuttin the door for me, and then extendin his open hand to'ards me, in the most frenly manner possible. Does he not, by this simple yit touchin gesture, welcum me to England? Doesn't he? Oh, yes—I guess he doesn't he. And it's quite right among two great countries which speak the same langwidge, except as regards H's. And I've been allowed to walk round all the streets. Even at Buckingham Pallis, I told a guard I wanted to walk round there, and he said I could walk round there. I ascertained subsequent that he referd to the side-walk instid of the Pallis—but I couldn't doubt his hospital feelins.

I prepared a Essy on Animals to read before the Social Science meetins. It is a subjeck I may troothfully say I have successfully wrestled with. I tackled it when only nineteen years old. At that tender age I writ a Essy for a lit'ry Institoot, entitled, "Is Cats to be Trusted?" Of the merits of that Essy it doesn't becum me to speak, but I may be excoos'd for mentionin that the Institoot passed a resolution that "whether we look upon the length of this Essy, or the manner in which it is written, we feel that we will not express any opinion of it, and we hope it will be read in other towns."

Of course the Essy I writ for the Social Science Society is a more finisheder production than the one on Cats, which was wroten when my mind was crood, and afore I had mastered a graceful and ellygant stile of composition. I could not even punctoocate my sentences proper at that time, and I observe with pane, on lookin over this effort of my yooth, that its beauty is in one or two instances mar'd by ingrammaticisms. This was unexcoosable, and I'm surprised I did it. A writer who can't write in a grammerly manner better shut up shop.

You shall hear this Essy on Animals. Some day when you have four hours to spare, I'll read it to you. I think you'll enjoy it. Or, what will be much better, if I may suggest—omit all pictors in next week's *Punch*, and do not let your contributors write anything whatever (let them have a holiday; they can go to the British Mooseum;) and publish my Essy intire. It will fill all your collumns full, and create comment. Does this proposition strike you? Is it a go?

In case I had read the Essy to the Social Sciencers, I had intended it should be the closin attraction. I had intended it should finish the proceedins. I think it would have finished them. I understand animals better than any other class of human creatures. I have a very animal mind, and I've been identified with 'em doorin my entire perfessional career as a showman, more especial bears, wolves, leopards, and serpunts.

The leopard is as lively a animal as I ever came into contack with. It is troo he cannot change his spots, but you can change 'em for him with a paint-brush, as I once did in the case of a leopard who wasn't nat'rally spotted in a attractive manner. In exhibitin him I used to stir him up in his cage with a protracted pole, and for the purpuss of makin him yell and kick up in a leopardy manner, I used to 'casionally whack him over the head. This would make the children inside the booth scream with fright, which would make fathers of families outside the booth very anxious to come in—because there is a large class of parents who have a uncontrollable passion for takin their children to places where they will stand a chance of being frightened to death.

One day I whacked this leopard more than usuil, which elicsited a remonstrance from a tall gentleman in spectacles, who said, "My good man, do not beat the poor caged animal. Rather fondle him."

"I'll fondle him with a club," I answerd, hitting him another whack.

"I prithy desist," said the gentleman; "stand aside, and see the effeck of kindness. I understand the idiosyncracies of these creatures better than you do." With that he went up to the cage, and thrustin his face in between the iron bars, he said, soothingly, "Come hither, pretty creetur." The pretty creetur come-hithered rayther speedy, and seized the gentleman by the whiskers, which he tore off about enuff to stuff a small cushion with.

He said, "You vagabone, I'll have you indicted for exhibitin dangerous and immoral animals."

I replied, "Gentle sir, there isn't a animal here that hasn't a beautiful moral, but you mustn't fondle 'em. You mustn't meddle with their idiotsyncracies."

The gentleman was a dramatic cricket, and he wrote a article for a paper, in which he said my Entertainment was a decided failure.

As regards Bears, you can teach 'em to do interestin things, but they're unreliable. I had a very large grizzly bear once, who would dance, and last, and lay down, and bow his head in grief, and give a mournful wale, etcetry. But he often annoyed me. It will be remembered that on the occasion of the first battle of Bull Run, it suddenly occurd to the Fed'ral soldiers that they had business in Washington which ought not to be neglected, and they all started for that beautiful and romantic city, maintainin a rate of speed during the entire distance that would have done credit to the celebrated French steed, *Gladiateur*. Very nat'rally our Gov'ment was deeply grieved at this defeat; and I said to my Bear, shortly after, as I was givin a exhibition in Ohio—I said, "Brownie, are you not sorry the National arms has sustained a defeat?" His business was to wale dismal, and bow his head down, the band (a barrel orgin and a wollin) playing slow and melancholly moosic. What did the grizzly old cuss do, however, but commence darncin and larfin in the most joyous manner. I had a narrer escape from being imprisoned for disloyalty. I will relate another incident in the career of this retchid Bear. I used to present what I called in the bills A Beautiful livin Pictur—showing the Bear's fondness for his Master: in which I'd lay down on a piece of carpeting, and the Bear would come and lay down beside me, restin his right paw on my breast, the Band playing "*Home, Sweet Home*," very soft and slow. Altho' I say it, it was a touchin thing to see. I've seen Tax-Collectors weep over that performance.

Well, one day I said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, we will now show you the Bear's fondness for his master," and I went and laid down. I tho't I observed a peeculiar expression in his eyes, as he rolled clumsily to'ards me, but I didn't dream of the scene which follerd. He laid down and put his paw on my breast. "Affection of the Bear for his Master," I repeated. "You see the Monarch of the Western Wilds in a subjugated state. Fierce as these animals natrally are, we now see that they have hearts, and can love. This Bear, the largest in the world, and measurin seventeen feet round the body, loves me as a mer-ther loves her child!" But what was my horror when the grizzly and infamous Bear threw his other paw under me, and riz with me to his feet. Then claspin me in a close embrace he waltzed up and down the platform in a frightful manner, I yellin with fear and anguish. To make matters wuss, a low scurrilus young man in the audiens hollered out, "Playfulness of the Bear! Quick moosic!" I just 'scaped with my life. The Bear met with a violent death the next day, by bein in the way when a hevily loaded gun was fired off by one of my men.

But you should hear my Essy which I wrote for the Social Science Meetins. It would have had a movin effeck on them.

I feel that I must now conclood.

I have read Earl Bright's speech at Leeds, and I hope we shall now hear from John Derby. I trust that not only they, but Wm. E. Stanley and Lord Gladstone will cling inflexibly to those great fundamental principles, which they understand far better than I do, and I will add that I do not understand anything about any of them whatever in the least—and let us all be happy, and live within our means, even if we have to borrer money to do it with.

Very respectfully yours,
ARTEMUS WARD.

Young America.

In the Old School General Assembly, at its recent session in St. Louis, Rev. Dr. Thomas, in speaking about the insubordinate attitude of the Louisville Presbytery, dwelt at some length upon the contempt for all kinds of authority which prevails in this country, and illustrating by the following anecdotes:—

"The great want of our age, sir, is the spirit of obedience to law, of reverence for constituted and legitimate authority; whether in the family, the State, or the church. Let me illustrate the temper and habits of Young America, sir, by an anecdote respecting the late Hon. B. F. Butler, whose sobriquet of 'Sandy Hill' was familiar to politicians of twenty years since. He was invited to a Mission Sunday-school in the city of New York. The superintendent introduced him to the boys as the Attorney General of the United States—one of the most distinguished citizens of their native State, and an active friend of friendless youth, and added, while he pointed to the clock, that Mr. B. would limit his speech to fifteen minutes.

"Well, sir, they listened with fixed attention, but they kept an eye on the clock. The orator, warming with his theme, forgot the limitation of his time, and had passed the bound only a few seconds, when a fettered urchin, probably a newsboy, and so familiar with political slang terms, suddenly sprang up, and, pointing to the clock, exclaimed, 'Sandy Hill, your time is out!' That, sir, is an illustration of our respect for those in authority.

"Sir, the tendency of our times—perhaps it may be a natural abuse of the nature of our free institutions—is to despise government, to cultivate a spirit of insubordination. Why, sir, if you will pardon me for relating it, I had once a curious exemplification of Young Americanism in my own household. It has already appeared in the public prints without my consent, and therefore it may not be indecorous to allude to it. I had a little son about four years old, who, of course, I thought a very bright and promising fellow. During my temporary absence from home for a few days, on one occasion, his mother relieved the weary interval with reading to him the story of the Revolution. The little fellow treasured up the scattered facts and anecdotes of the battle-fields, until his youthful patriotism was kindled to a flame, and his blood began to boil. I returned home late in the night, when he was wrapped in slumber. He arose later than usual. While we sat at breakfast he came down and seated himself by my side in silence. He withheld the familiar welcome—the customary kiss. Evidently his mind was engrossed with something. He sat brooding his topic for a few moments, and then turning to me he said, 'Father, are you British?' 'My son,' said I, 'I had the good or bad fortune to be born in England; but, like the Irishman, I was brought over here so early that I became a native.' 'Well, sir,' said he, his childish face all aglow, and shaking his little fist at me, '*we whipped you once, and can do it again!*'"

CRITICISM.—A good criticism of a book is generally excellent reading, but it is always most to the reader's satisfaction to confine himself to a single critic. A work called "Forever and Ever" recently appeared in London, and its readers were gratified to find that the authoress "had made a long step in advance since her last production;" but they became somewhat bewildered when the Saturday Review pronounced its opinion that the authoress had "gone on steadily deteriorating," and were utterly confounded and befogged when the London Reader said oracularly, with reference to the same work, "Can a book be good and bad positively—better and worse comparatively—at the same time?"

☞ HOW TO TREAT A FOOL.—Solomon says, (Pr. 26,) "Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou be like unto him. Answer a fool according to his folly—lest he be wise in his conceit." From this paradox a wise man may infer that though it may be worth while sometimes to notice a fool's sayings so far as to answer them, it is not worth while to do it very often.

☞ A couple were divorced in Michigan on Monday, after only twenty-four hours of married life. The wife left her husband on the ground that he was bald-headed and a Catholic, and would not give her a deed of his farm. The court gave him a divorce.

☞ An Englishman in Albany, on Thursday, ate 557 oysters, measuring more than six quarts of solid meats, at one sitting. They cost $11.64.

FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Read the following remarkable cure:

PHILADELPHIA, June 25, 1866.

To Seth S. Hance, Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIR:—Seeing your advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with epilepsy in July, 1863. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits in a day, at about intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep and would fall wherever I would be or whatever I would be occupied with, and was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1865, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on 5th of April, 1865, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, so that persons who are similarly afflicted may have the benefit of them. Any persons wishing any information, will obtain it by calling at my residence, 836 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WM. ELDER.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 106 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27. sep22-eow10t

"A VALUABLE MEDICINE.—Dr. Poland's White Pine Compound, advertised in our columns, is a successful attempt to combine and apply the medicinal virtues of the White Pine Bark. It has been thoroughly tested by people in this city and vicinity, and the proprietor has testimonials of its value from persons well known to our citizens. We recommend its trial in all those cases of disease to which it is adapted. It is for sale by all our druggists."—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE
GREAT NEW ENGLAND REMEDY!
DR. J. W. POLAND'S
WHITE PINE COMPOUND

Is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years, in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND

Cure Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel and other Complaints. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found very valuable.

Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a GOOD AND TRIED MEDICINE.

It is pleasant, safe and sure. Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicines generally. nov17-3m

CURE YOUR OWN HORSES AND SAVE THE FARRIER'S FEE.

The following letter received from Dr. Deal, who is a Veterinary Surgeon of great skill:

I have given PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER in many cases of colic, cramp, and dysentery in horses, and never knew it fail to cure in a single instance. I look upon it as a certain remedy.

JOHN R. DEAL, HOWERSVILLE, O.

FOR COLDS, SPRAINS, SCRATCHES, ETC., THERE IS NO BETTER LINIMENT.—TRY IT.

Sold by all medicine dealers. nov10-2t

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS are peculiarly adapted to this season of the year, when coughs and colds are so prevalent. The Ointment allays all inflammation and irritation, while the Pills cleanse and invigorate the blood.

℞ THOSE WHO SUFFER from nervous irritations, itching, uneasiness, and the discomfort that follows from an enfeebled and disordered state of the system, should take AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and cleanse the blood. Purge out the lurking distemper that undermines the health, and the constitutional vigor will return. nov10-2t

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market has been dull. About 7000 bbls sold at $8@9 ℔ bbl for superfine; $9@12 for extra, the latter rate for fresh ground from new Wheat; $13@14 for fair to fancy North-West extra family; $14@15.50 for Pennsylvania and Ohio family, and $16@17 ℔ bbl for fancy brands according to quality. Rye Flour—800 bbls sold at $8@8.25. Corn Meal—We quote Pennsylvania at $5,50, and Brandywine at $6.

GRAIN—There is less demand for Wheat; about 6000 bus common to prime Pennsylvania red sold at $3@3,25; 3000 bus good to prime Southern do at $3,30@3,35; 2500 bus amber at $3,35; 6000 bus spring at $2,70@3,75, and small lots of white at from $3,40@3,45 ℔ bus, as to quality. Rye—1000 bus Southern sold at $1,35; 7000 bus old Western at $1,40, and small lots of Pennsylvania at $1,48@1,50. Corn—15,000 bus prime yellow sold at $1,23@1,30, and 12,000 bus Western mixed at $1,23@1,27 ℔ bus. Oats—32,000 bus Delaware sold at 64@66c ℔ bus.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull; Mess Beef selling at $15@20 for Western, and $22@23 ℔ bbl for city packed. Beef Hams range at from $38@40. Small sales are making at $31 ℔ bbl for new Mess Pork; 19@24c for plain and fancy Bacon Hams; 15c for pickled do; 14½@15c for salt Shoulders; 15@15½c for prime Lard in bbls and tcs, and 17@34c ℔ lb for Butter, as to quality. Eggs sell at 35@36 ℔ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been dull. About 1100 bales of middlings sold in lots at 38@39½c for Uplands and 39½@40½c ℔ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—Quercitron is unchanged. Small sales of 1st No 1 are making at $35 ℔ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of yellow at 41@42c ℔ lb.

COAL—There is more doing. Sales are making at $5,25@5,50 for White Ash, and $5,50@6 ℔ ton for Red Ash, as to quality.

FEATHERS—Sales of good Western are making at 60c and choice at 67@68c ℔ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples; sales are making at $2@6 ℔ bbl. Dried Peaches; sales of unpared quarters at 16@17c, and halves at 20@21c, and pared at from 32@35c ℔ lb.

HAY—Baled is selling at $30@31 ℔ ton.

HOPS—Small sales of fair to choice quality have been reported at 40@65c.

PLASTER—The last cargo sold at $4,75 ℔ ton.

SEEDS—Small sales of Clover seed are making at $8@9 ℔ bus for old and new; 300 bus of Timothy sold at $3,50. Flaxseed sells at $3,25@3,30 ℔ bus.

TALLOW—Sales of city rendered are making at from 12½@12½c, and country at 11½@12c ℔ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2300 head. The prices realized from 16@16½c ℔ lb. 250 Cows brought from $50 to 80 ℔ head. Sheep—25,000 head were disposed of at from 5@6 cts ℔ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $11,00@12,50 ℔ 100 lbs.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

MOTH AND FRECKLES.

Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moth patches, or freckles, should use PERRY'S Celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all druggists, and by Dr. Perry, 49 Bond St. Price $3. jel6-6m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st of Oct., by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. CHARLES T. WOLF to Miss SALLIE A. FENTON, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. C. D. Cooper, Mr. JOHN S. KEIM to Miss ANNA PLUMER, both of this city.

On the 2d of Sept, by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, WILLIAM MCCULLOUGH to Miss MARY KEVIN, both of this city.

On the 17th of Oct, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. THOMAS J. PARKER to Miss REBECCA BURNETT, both of Burlington county, N. J.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. BENJAMIN F. ANDERSON, of Camden, N. J., to Miss REBECCA TYSON, of this city.

On the 21st of Oct., by the Rev. P. Coombes, Mr. WILLIAM H. BENEDICT, of Lancaster, to Miss LOUISA T. STURGES, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, Capt. ABRAHAM MORRELL, aged 76 years.

On the 5th instant, WILLIAM J. LEE, in his 35th year.

On the 5th instant, JAMES H. APPLEGATE, in his 47th year.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. MARY REYNOLD, in her 77th year.

On the 4th instant, JACOB KINNARD, in his 74th year.

On the 3d instant, THOMAS HALSTON, in his 86th year.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. SARAH H. MOORE, in her 89d year.

On the 3d instant, SARAH, wife of Jas. Glasden, in her 57th year.

On the 2d instant, CHARLES CARPENTER, in his 37th year.

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In the Great North-West,

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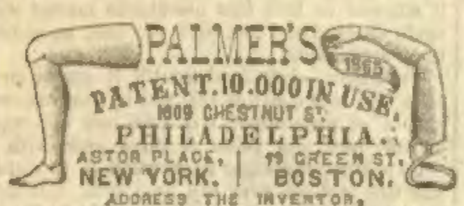

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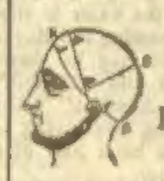

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Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	64

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Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
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Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	98
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus.* Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

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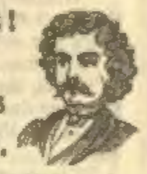

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The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway run within one square of it.

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TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

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PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2, 10.00 A.M. &		11.20 P.M.
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	at	12.00 M
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Pittsburg and Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers by DAY EXPRESS go to Williamsport without change of cars, and arrive at Lock Haven at 5.10 P.M.

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PARKSBURG TRAIN	at	9.20 A.M.
LANCASTER TRAIN	"	12.40 P.M.
FAST LINE	"	1.10 "
DAY EXPRESS	"	5.50 "
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	"	9.50 "

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AN EMIGRANT TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK,
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THE MOON'S VOLCANOES

are engaging the attention of astronomers, but the world of Beauty and Fashion is less interested in human discoveries than in the great question of

TURNING THE HEADS

that have been whitened by age or sickness to a glorious black or brown hue. Nobody now is such

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as not to admit that the finest and most harmless hair darkener in existence is

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

which nourishes the fibres as well as changes their hue.

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$1500 PER YEAR, paid by SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me., or Chicago, Ill. sep8-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Tough Witness.

They have a curious specimen of human nature in North Carolina. Everybody remembers the celebrated "Cousin Sally Dillard Case," and here is one recently reported, which is not far behind it. The writer gives it under the head of "legal proceedings:"—

Action for work and labor done in cutting a ditch on defendant's land. Plea: "Payment and set off, in bacon and corn meal."

Plaintiff's son on the stand—Recollects the ditching perfectly, but seems to forget all about the bacon.

"You say your daddy did all this work? Do you know what he got for it?" inquired the attorney for the defendant.

"He got nothing for it, as I ever heard on, that's what he never got," answered the witness.

"Didn't your daddy get corn and bacon from the defendant in pay for ditching?"

"Never heard of his getting no corn nor bacon."

"What did your daddy and family live on last summer?"

"Vittles, mostly."

"What sort of victuals?"

"Well, meat and bread, and sometimes whiskey."

"Well, where did he get that meat and bread?"

"Well, first from one and then from another."

"Did he not get some of it from the defendant?"

"He mought."

"I know that he mought, but did he? that's the question."

"Well, he meught, and then, you know, he moughtn't."

With considerable excitement and in tones of thunder,—

"Answer the question, and no more of this trifling with your oath. Did your daddy or did he not, get corn and bacon from the defendant for ditching?"

"Well, now, he mought; it didn't occurred exctly, you know."

Here his honor interposed, and with a stern judicial frown, addresses the witness thus wise:—

"Witness, you must answer the question, or the court will be compelled to deal with you. Can't you say yes or no?"

"I reckon."

"Well, then, answer yes or no. Did or did not your daddy get corn or bacon from the defendant at the time referred to?" inquired the court.

Witness, now fully aroused, and conscious of his danger:—

"Well, Judge, I can't exzactly remember, you know, seein' as how it all dun been gone and eat up, but," planting himself firmly, as one determined to out with it, "to the best of my reckerleckshun, if my memory serves me right, he mought, and then again he moughtn't."

The plaintiff saved his bacon. Verdict accordingly.

Answer to a "Call."

The following answer substantially, with names omitted, was recently returned to a "call" extended as a Home Missionary Agent to a young minister to "settle" in the interior of one of the Western states:

"Dear Brother:—Allow me to group a few objections against going to ———. I speak by the card

"1. You know that state is considered the worst in the Union, that county the worst in the state, that town the worst in the county, and that neighborhood has the worst set of men in town. One man there is 'such a son of Belial that a man cannot speak to him.' (1 Sam. 25: 17.) He is considered, however, the best man in town. The prophet Samuel had also the advantage in his day in that Nabal had a good wife; but this man's wife is worse than himself. 'The Lord also smote Nabal that he died,' but this man and his wife are still alive. You are right when you call it 'rather a tough country, but the grandest kind of a mission field.'

"2. The mud is from three to five feet deep, an alluvial deposit of that depth lying upon a substratum of clay impervious to water. This under stratum of clay, however, is the only salvation of the country, preventing everything from sinking and sinking below it. All travelling done on horseback; but my horse is not long-legged enough to touch the under stratum. The tradition is, that when the Creator finished cementing the world, He threw an extra hodful of mortar down in this country.

"3. Mosquitoes are of the mammoth kind, generally termed gallinippers. Many of them will weigh a pound, and they climb up on the trees and bark.

"4. Fever and ague indigenous. Country flat, and streams run both ways. Ague shakes even the bark off from all except gum-trees. Few have ever crawled out of that sixteen-miles swamp alive, and they were shaken out by the chills.

"5. The inhabitants are not as loving as cooing doves. The last commandment, 'that ye love one another,' probably has not reached them yet, as they live so far inland. Indeed it is the Kilkenny cats over again. You know the cats fought all night, when nothing could be found but a cloud of fur at the tip of Norval's tail. So Norval beat. Well, a cloud of fur has rested over this district a score of years. Bob-tails of no account.

"6. That salary of $300 (maximum) must be a mistake, as that is a larger sum of money than was ever heard of in the county.

"There is one advantage, however, to be mentioned in this connection. Pastors in this district have generally been 'settled' for life. Their longevity, however, has not been remarkable.

"All things considered, I think I'd better decline the call, hoping that the successful candidate may make his 'will' before he 'settles.' He might get his life insured had not all the life insurance companies abandoned that part of the country.

"It is fortunate that 'the church has no man in view'—I mean for the man!"

☞ A Poser.—A gentleman was complaining that it cost him ten dollars every time he went to church, as he only attended five times a year, and his pew tax was fifty dollars per annum. "Why don't you go oftener," asked a religious broker, "and reduce the average." That was a poser.

IGNORANCE AND FASHION.

Rustic (paralyzed)—"*My!* there's a pris'ner 'scaped from jail, with her chains on!"

A Hoosier at the Astor.

B——— met on the train an elderly Hoosier, who had been to the show case at New York, and who had seen the hi-po-dro-me, as he called it.

"Did you remain long in New York?" asked B———. "Well, no," he answered, thoughtfully; "only two days; for I saw there was a right smart chance of starving to death, and I'm opposed to that way of going down. I put up at one of their taverns, and allowed I was going to be treated to the whole." "Where did you stop?" said B———, interrupting him. "At the Astor House. I allow you don't ketch me in no such place again. They rung a gong, as they call it, four times after breakfast; and then, when I went to eat, there wasn't nary littles on the table." "What was there?" B——— ventured to inquire. "Well," said the old man, enumerating the items cautiously, as if from fear of omission, "there was a clean plate wrong side up; a knife, a clean towel, a spittoon, and a handbill; and what was worse," added the old man, "the insultin' nigger up and asked me what I wanted? 'Vittles,' said I, 'bring in your vittles, and I'll help myself.'"

A Dog Doctor.

A writer in the London Field says that a successful dog doctor in his neighborhood, who had an extensive custom among ladies of fashion, on retiring from practice made the following confession:—"When very fat and apoplectic pets were confided to my care, I always tied 'em," said he, "to a crab-tree at the end of my garden, and gave 'em nothing but water for a week. When I fetched 'em from home they used to refuse to eat what I should have been glad to get, and when I took 'em back they was glad to get what I would not have touched. I've had some dogs twice and even three times a year, but I always cured 'em at last. One of 'em was as good as three pound a year. I was terrible fond of him, but he couldn't abide me; and when he saw me a coming to fetch down his fat, he used to waddle away and howl fit to raise the dead."

Goon.—A Rochester paper tells the following:—Among the attractions of Rochester, represented to Farragut as being particularly fine, were the Genesee Falls. They are supposed to be ninety feet high at some seasons, but at the present time they are perfectly dry. Looking at the rocky bed over, which the water is supposed to fall, the Admiral, addressing the Mayor of Rochester, remarked: "It may be there, Mr. Mayor, but I don't see the waterfall." "Look a little more to the left, Admiral." "Ah! now I see it," his beauty-loving eye having at that moment fallen upon the back hair of a bright-eyed damsel of Rochester.

☞ Why talk about not sleeping a wink, when people in their sleep never wink?

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Pork-Making.

A great many thousand people are at that practice in this country just about this time, some of them pursuing a very proper course, more wasting something of that which ought to make pork, and almost a majority wanting a rule of better practical economy and being governed by it. Couldn't be a better time than the present to talk pork.

We have seen the woful wasting fashion of some out-west farmers in turning two hundred lean, hungry hogs into a hundred acres of standing corn, saying, or thinking:—"There you are, shoats. Go in and help yourselves." Samson's three hundred foxes tied tail to tail and a firebrand between two tails, couldn't have destroyed the Philistines standing corn much more expeditiously.

No use preaching pork to men who are in the habit of making it in that manner. It would take twenty years of continual dinning economy into their ears to convert them to improved hog-pens and better principles of feeding. Those who dump down in the dirt, half a bushel of hard, dry corn on the cob per hog, and permit their hogs the run of the road and three fields during fattening, are almost as hopeless. But there is a class of pork-makers whom a brief paragraph or two of earnest pig talk will benefit. It is those who believe in pork progress, and are ready to accept terms and conditions calculated to give them the largest returns for the smallest outlay of money and material. To these, and all others, who are willing to make pork expeditiously and cheaply, let us recommend first of all a dry, comfortable house—not a pen. Let there be a bed-chamber shut off from the dining-room by a close partition, and let the bedroom be supplied with clean, dry bedding, changed once a week. A pig, even a very fat one, is more comfortable in a clean, warm straw bed than he can be on the soft side of a hard plank, or in a slough of filth, and depend upon it the more comfortable a pig is, the faster he puts on pork.

Next important thing is extreme cleanliness always. A foul pen has much to do with making foul pork; besides, though a hog may wallow in a mire of clean dirt and water, he won't wallow in his own filth if he can help it. Neither will he eat with much relish in the midst of stinking excrement. Hog though he is, he loves clean plates and floors as well as other people. So wash, and scrub, and rinse out the dining-room and feeding trough every day. It is good economy. Pork will pay for it all, liberally.

So we come along to the feeding part. A good many things will fatten hogs after a fashion, several will make tolerable pork. But after all, peas boiled soft and mashed with an equal bulk of scalded corn-meal, fed a little at a time and often, makes pork fastest of anything, and as good as can be made. After that, corn, ground, boiled into mush, and fed just a little warm, four times a day, in quantities depending upon the size and breed of the hog, never in so large quantities that it will not be eaten up clean. Give a pig more than he can possibly cram down every day for a week, and by that time he thinks he has found out that you are giving him trash not fit for hogs to eat, and falls off in his appetite to his own damage and yours.

The diet of fatting hogs ought to be frequently varied, as with a dish of boiled and mashed potatoes now and then, sour milk, apples, stewed parsnips, a bite of buckwheat, and occasionally a dessert of raw roots. All food ought to be seasoned with salt—coal pounded fine and fed frequently mixed in food, unquestionably puts off several dangerous diseases, and assists materially in putting on pork. Flour of sulphur, a spoonful to each hog, mixed with meal mush, and fed twice every ten days, helps to fatten by correcting costiveness, which causes more fatal diseases in swine than perhaps all other causes combined.

With these rules strictly adhered to, pork as good as ever went to any table can be made expeditiously and economically.

Floating Dust.

Science has long since shown us that the impalpable, and very frequently invisible dust, always and everywhere floating in the atmosphere, is but disintegrated atoms of animal, vegetable, and mineral material that, integrate, make up our world and its belongings, animate and inanimate. Particles of humanity, animals, rocks, minerals, and marine monsters pervade all the atmosphere wherever we go, so that in the midst of the mighty Pacific, upon the cloud-capped peak, or down in the depths of the mine, there is floating dust. No corner, closet, or sanctuary, is secure from its invasion. We eat dust, drink dust, breathe dust, and die and are resolved into dust, and in due time take our turn in flying through the world floating in the atmosphere. Millions of modern men and women have inhaled, imbibed, and eaten extinct Saurians, Ptolemies, mastadons, Jewish patriarchs, and disintegrated Helens and Cleopatras. Millions who are to succeed us, will breathe, and eat, and drink admirals and emperors, beasts and beggars, bar-iron and beautiful women, at this moment integrate and individual.

But in all this world of everlasting dust, that kind of impalpable, invisible floating material widest diffused over the whole earth is wheat starch. This, of all the elements in vegetable or animal economy, is least disguised of all floating particles, and wherever it settles down in sufficient quantities to become visible is readily recognizable. Wheat starch falls upon and dims the glass of the Indiaman's compass as it drives around the Cape of Good Hope and down through the Indian Ocean. Wheat starch whitens the surface of the broad palm leaf in the archipelagoes of the South Pacific. It coats with grayish dust the crumbling cap-stones of the great Sun Temple of Cusco, many thousand feet above the level of the sea, and shows like a thin coating of flower on the herbage of the vast pampas of Brazil and Buenos Ayres. Starch falls upon the awnings of becalmed ships, rolling lazily in equatorial seas. In short, starch, good wheat starch, is present everywhere in the atmosphere to such an extent that it is not very extravagant to say that the air we breathe is about the most thoroughly starched article we have in use.

Wheat—Average Per Acre.

We have heard veteran wheat-growers and grain dealers, and a good many other people who ought we thought to be better *Posted* in wheat statistics, guessing that several of our Western states will average one year with another—some say twenty-five, some thirty, and so on up to forty-five bushels of wheat per acre.

Now the facts are considerably nearer these figures:—In 1848, Michigan produced her maximum yield which was fourteen bushels per acre. In 1850, Ohio took her turn, doing the best she has ever done, giving seventeen bushels per acre. The best that Iowa has done yet, is about fourteen and a-half bushels; while Illinois has never exceeded nine. California and Minnesota are the only two states in the Union that have ever beaten little Delaware in the average yield per acre; and only Minnesota alone very far leads the "Blue Hen" and her wheat-growing chickens, who produce between them nineteen and a-half bushels of wheat per acre as the long average. After Delaware, Pennsylvania gives the next highest average of any state this side of the far West, here being eighteen and one-fourth bushels per acre.

Gathered Grains.

—— France has in prospective a bread famine, and will be likely to draw on the Farmer's Bank of the United States for all the breadstuffs that we have to spare this year and next.

—— In several of the best wheat regions of Russia millions of little marmots that burrow like gophers, have eaten up more than half of all the wheat before harvest time. So says *Le Nord*.

—— Drenching rains and sharp frosts have made much slaughter of corn and potato crops all through Canada East—nearly.

—— Wheat never came out of the ground evener or promised better so early, than it has done this fall wherever it has been properly put in, not only in Pennsylvania, but across in Jersey, over in Maryland, and down in Delaware.

—— A great many late potatoes have grown small, and at present prices are certainly dear little potatoes.

—— Wheat in all directions, of this year's crop, overruns weight from one to four pounds to the measured bushel, and the flour of all the new wheat makes ten per cent. better bread than last year's wheat or the year before did.

RECEIPTS.

An Easy Way of Making Butter in Winter.—The following is recommended by a correspondent: Take in the morning the unskimmed milk of the preceding evening (after it has stood all night in a tin pan,) and set it over a furnace of hot coals or in a stove, being careful not to disturb the cream that has risen to the surface. Let it remain over the fire till it simmers and begins to bubble round the edges, but on no account let it come to a boil. Then take the pan carefully off (without disturbing the cream) and carry it to a cool place, but not where it is cold enough to freeze. In the evening take a spoon and loosen the cream round the sides of the pan. If very rich it will be almost a solid cake. Slip off the sheet of cream into another and larger pan, letting as little milk go with it as possible. Cover it and set it away. Repeat the process for several days, till you have thus collected a sufficiency of clotted cream to fill the pan. Then scald a wooden ladle, and beat the cream with it during ten minutes. You will then have excellent butter. Take it out of the pan, lay it on a flat dish, and with the ladle squeeze and press it hard until all the buttermilk is entirely extracted and drained off. Then wash the butter in cold water, and work a very little salt into it. Set it away in a cool place for three hours. Then squeeze and press it again; also washing it a second time in cold water. Make it up into pats and keep it in a cool place. The unskimmed morning's milk, of course, may also be used for this purpose after it has stood twelve hours. The simmering over the fire adds greatly to the quantity of cream by throwing all the oily part of the milk to the surface, but if allowed to boil this oleaginous matter will again descend and mix with the rest, so as not to be separated.

Frumenty.—"Boil wheat till it comes to a jelly, and to a quart of this add by degrees two quarts of new milk; stir and boil till well mixed; beat the yolks of three eggs with a little nutmeg and sugar to sweeten it to taste; stir this well in over the fire; pour this into deep dishes, and eat either hot or cold." There are other methods of preparing it.

Pickled Cauliflower.—Break in pieces a nice head of cauliflower; wash it well in warm water, then cold water, and drain it. Have ready some boiling water, in which has been boiled a little salt and a piece of soda the size of a hazlenut. Throw the cauliflower in, and let it boil quickly *one minute;* drain and spread it out to cool. Mix two ounces of mustard, one-half ounce of moist sugar, a little salt, in a little cold vinegar, set it with one-half pint *boiling* vinegar; put the cauliflower into jars with three cloves to each, and pour over the vinegar. When cold, cork it. It is fit for use in a week.

Cranberry Tart.—Take half a pint of cranberries, pick them from the stems and throw them into a saucepan with half a pound of white sugar and a spoonful of water; let them come to a boil; then retire them to stand on the hob while you peel and cut up four large apples; put a rim of light paste round your dish; strew in the apples; pour the cranberries over them; cover with a lid of crust, and bake for an hour. For a pudding, proceed in the same manner with the fruit, and boil it in a basin or cloth.

Cold Cream.—Half a pint of oil of sweet almonds, 4 ozs. of spermaceti, one large or two middling-sized cakes of white wax, a piece of camphor the size of a nutmeg. These ingredients are to be put in a pipkin of earthenware to dissolve, or into a wide-mouthed stone or glass bottle; place the bottle in a saucepan full of water, and let the water boil in the pan, which will melt the ingredients in the bottle. When melted, pour them into a large basin, and beat them up with a spoon until they adhere together in the consistency of soft pomatum, and till it becomes very white, then beat it up in a few spoonsful of rose-water, and put it into pots. At the top of each pour a little rose-water, and tie them down close.

To Take Out Grease from Leaves or Books.—After having warmed the paper, take as much of the grease or oil out as possible by means of blotting paper. Then dip a small brush in well-rectified essential oil of turpentine, heated almost to ebullition, and draw it gently over both sides of the paper, which must be kept warm. This operation must be repeated as often as necessary. Then dip another brush in highly-rectified spirits of wine, and draw it over the place which was stained, and particularly round its edges. The spot will thus totally disappear, and the paper assume its original whiteness; and though written on or printed, no harm will ensue.

THE RIDDLER.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first a ready welcome yields,
To hail the weary guest,
And wayworn pilgrims greet with joy,
Its offered ease and rest.
My second, Scotia's bard, has made
Immortal in his song,
Painting in music's dulcet flow,
The scenes which 'round belong.
My third, although a simple thing,
With skillful might can play;
Thrill nations with a potent spell,
And raised feelings sway.
My fourth, a permanent impress,
Rode handling ever shows;
But rippling beauty's blooming cheek
More lovely makes its rose.
My whole, despising force, control,
Will all unfettered be.
And ever seek to reach each goal,
Unbiased, bold and free.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A river in Germany.
A city in Italy.
A native of Arabia.
A poisonous plant.
A sect among the ancients who considered pleasure as the highest good.
An organ of sight.
A girl's name.
My initials form the name of one of Scott's works, and my finals one of the principle characters. CORA WALTERS.

Germantown, Pa.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What shall I pay for a bond for $1,000 due in ten years, with interest at 6 per cent., payable semi-annually, in order to make it a 10 per cent. investment? D. H. PINGREY.

Harrisburg Business College, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Five hundred rods of fencing are necessary to enclose a certain rectangular farm, which at $12 per acre will cost $1,920. Required—the length and breadth of the farm. WM. H. MORROW.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If water is brought to supply a certain place from a reservoir 65 3-5 feet in height, by pipes 9,343 feet in length and 3 3-20 inches in diameter—Required—the velocity of the water per second. MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Question.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What is the side of a square containing 1 acre of ground? DELTA.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ When Shakespeare's mother wished him to confess a fault, what distinguished character did she hold up before him? Ans.—William Tell.

☞ Why is the reluctance of ladies to discard crinoline most reasonable? Ans.—Because bell(e)s without hoops are often hung.

☞ Why cannot a humble dwelling be inhabited solely by young persons? Ans.—Because there must always be age in a cottage.

☞ Why is a schoolroom in task hours like a dinner? Ans.—Because there is a "din" in it.

☞ Why must a courageous man be successful in everything? Ans.—Because where there is "*pluck*" there must be "luck."

Answers to Last.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—"A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grevious words stir up anger." DOUBLE REBUS—Madison and Lansing. (mail–Anna–Deacon–Isis–Sinai–Oxygen–nag.)

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Aug. 18th—The body must be placed 164,114,2476 miles from the earth. A. Martin.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Aug. 25th—The required probability is 0.586503. A. Martin.

Answer to H. R. Spink's PROBLEM of same date—45 and 55. H. R. Spink, A. Martin, J. M. Greenwood, and Harry.

Answer to M. Stevens's PROBLEM of same date—00310857067409. M. Stevens. This Problem admits of three answers; the number is 1, or $\frac{(\sqrt{5}-1)}{4096}$, or $\frac{(\sqrt{5}-1)\,12}{4096}$. A. Martin.

Answer to F. Holden's PROBLEM Sept. 1st—573 685 feet—F. Holden. 573 68-100 feet—J. M. Mitchell. 573,68573 feet—J. N. Soders.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Sept. 1st—5 miles, 6 rods, 6 feet—W. H. Morrow. 26508 feet—J. N. Soders.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Sept. 8th—The curve is called the "Loxodromic Curve," and the length of the road is 31.94368 rods. Artemas Martin.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Sept. 15th—A must bet $18,75. A. Martin.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Sept. 22nd—6 inches from his hand. A. Martin.

☞ "Isn't my shirt clean?" asked one Bohemian of another. "Well, yes," was the answer; "it's clean for brown, but it's awful dirty for white."